BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1952

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 5 MAY, 1952

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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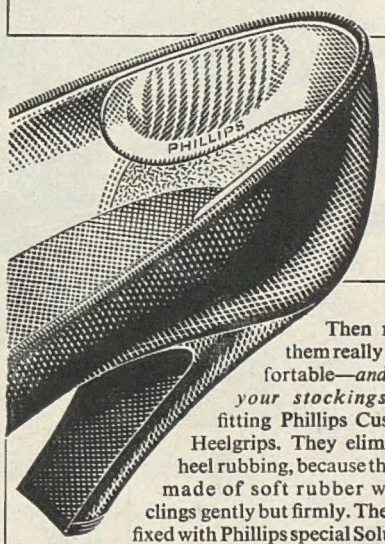

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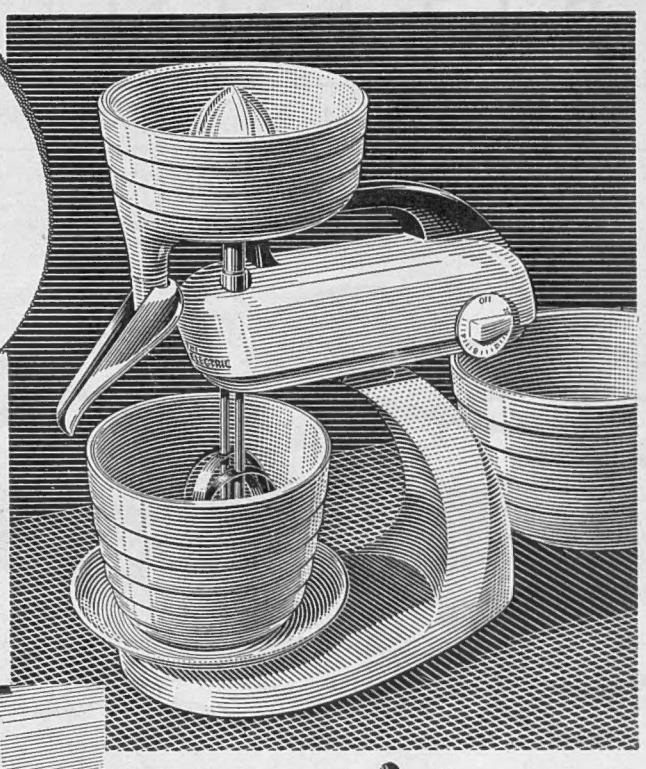

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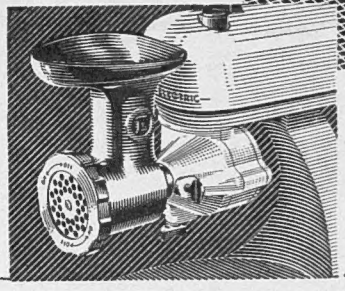

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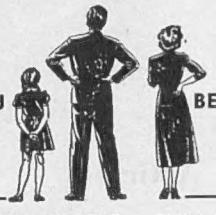
In case of difficulty write for illustrated leaflet and name of your nearest dealer to: The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Co. Ltd., Domestic Appliance Division (Dept. M.7), East Lancashire Road, Liverpool, 10.



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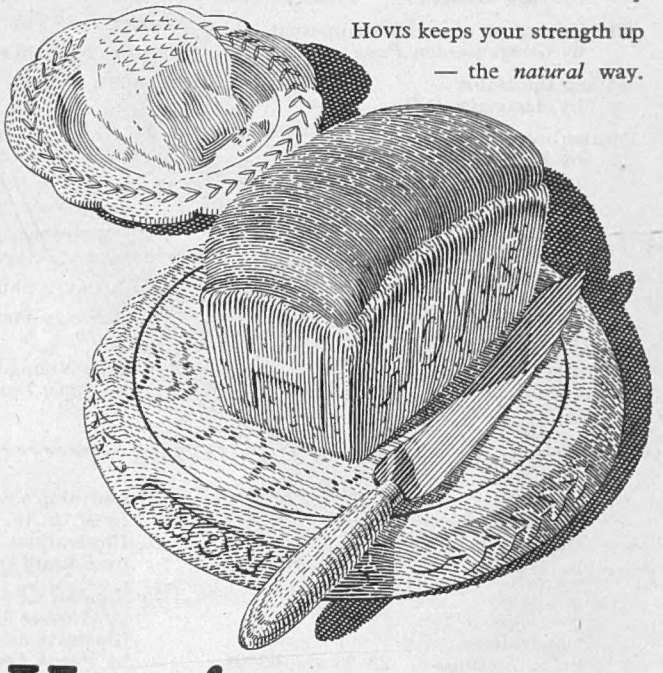

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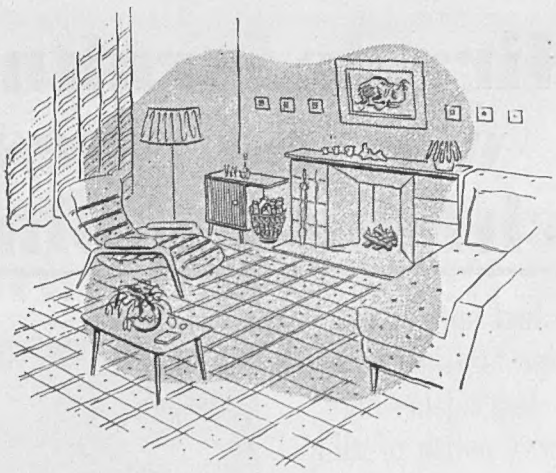
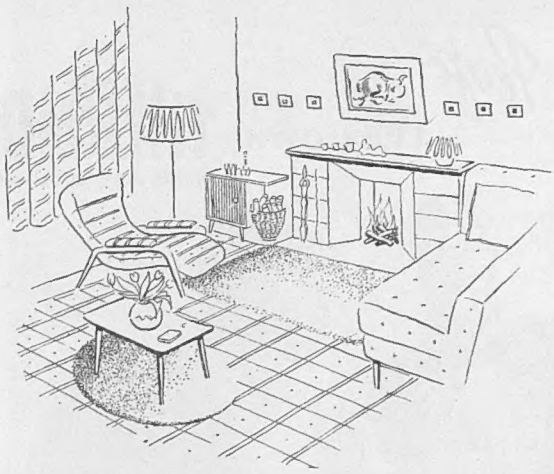


the lounge



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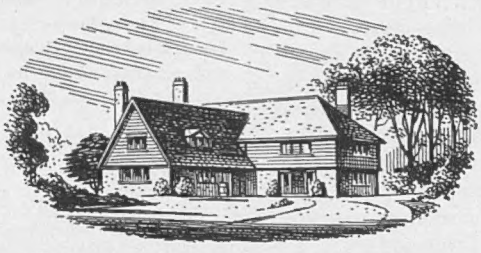

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The finest Salt

in every home

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to his Summer Holidays in Switzerland: He knows that even with the £25 Travel Allowance there are still a thousand possibilities for an enjoyable holiday.

Inclusive rates covering rooms, full board, tips and taxes range from 20/- to 30/- per day at the majority of Swiss Hotels, all renowned for excellent food and service.

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SWITZERLAND

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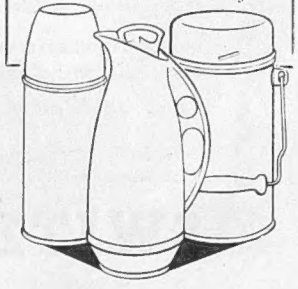
BRAND JUGS, JARS & FLASKS

"HALF the pleasure of going out in the evening" *said my host*, "is the anticipation of coming home . . . to this coffee. Made the way it should be made (not like that unmentionable stuff at the theatre) and always piping hot no matter what time it is. Tonight, for instance, we missed the first train, we're both forty minutes colder and everyone else has gone to bed. But here's coffee the moment we walk into the house".

That's the wonderful part of 'Thermos' service! It waits on your pleasure, unruffled, uncomplaining . . . and perfectly ready when you are. The pity is that these jugs are still scarce. So, if you see one in a shop, don't hesitate any longer than it takes to spot the 'THERMOS' trade mark. And take it home for your own comfort.

SPECIAL 'THERMOS' REFILL SERVICE

If you have the bad luck to break the glass lining of a 'Thermos' vacuum vessel, don't throw away any of the components. Consult your retail supplier on the question of fitting a new vacuum refill.



THERMOS
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VACUUM VESSELS

Miracle furniture wax polishes without rubbing!

Just spread and wipe for the richest, longest-lasting wax polish of all!

YES, Johnson's Pride really *is* a miracle! It is a completely new and *different* type of furniture wax that takes *all* the hard work out of polishing. You simply spread Pride on your furniture . . . let it dry . . . then wipe lightly. That's all! In seconds — *with no rubbing at all* — your furniture gleams with the richest lustre you've ever seen on wood!

And that lustre *protects* your fine furniture, simply because Pride is a wax and gives the hardest, smoothest, most lasting wax-finish ever known — so protective that spilled foods, even hot liquids, can be wiped off without marking. And you don't have to re-polish a Pride surface — a light dusting *keeps* it shining-clean.

Pride is economical, too — one 5/- bottle is enough to wax your entire home, giving your furniture the richest, most beautiful lustre ever, and saving you time and trouble for months to come. Get *your* Pride today!

AMAZINGLY EASY TO USE!

With Pride there is no rubbing at all — no more old-fashioned hard work. Pride gives a genuine hard wax protection — leaves no smears, cannot catch dust, resists finger-marks and lasts for months.

ON WHAT SURFACES CAN PRIDE BE USED?

Pride is recommended for all finished and polished surfaces, such as furniture, woodwork, panelled walls. Excellent, too, for refrigerators, stoves, metal furniture, chrome fittings, silverware, leather-topped tables, etc. Pride should not be used on plastics.

PRIDE CAN BE USED AS A CLEANER, TOO!

Pride is wonderful, too, for removing grease and spilled food. For cleaning dirty or greasy surfaces rub in Pride and wipe off. Then re-apply thinly.

TAKE JOHNSON'S Pride IN YOUR HOME!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

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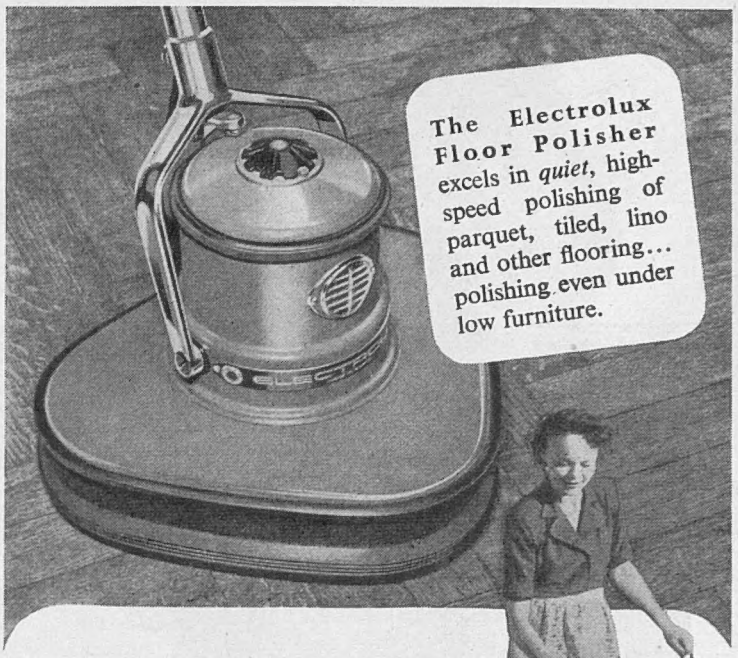
WHITE SATIN GIN

Smooth as Satin

Maximum U.K. prices: 33/9 per bottle, 17/7 half bottle, 9/2 qtr. bottle, 3/7 miniatures



The Electrolux Floor Polisher excels in *quiet*, high-speed polishing of parquet, tiled, lino and other flooring... polishing even under low furniture.

With the triple-brush-action, originated by Electrolux 25 years ago, two brushes rotate clockwise, the third anti-clockwise. This means that there is no "pull"—the Electrolux can be guided easily with *one* hand. The triangular body gets right into corners, whilst the rubber buffering protects skirting. 2-Year-Guarantee. Ask your Electrolux Dealer for a demonstration—or write for illustrated leaflet.

Owing to the serious shortage of steel there will be very few Electrolux Refrigerators for the home market during 1952. *Nearly all the output must go abroad to meet the urgent need for exports.*

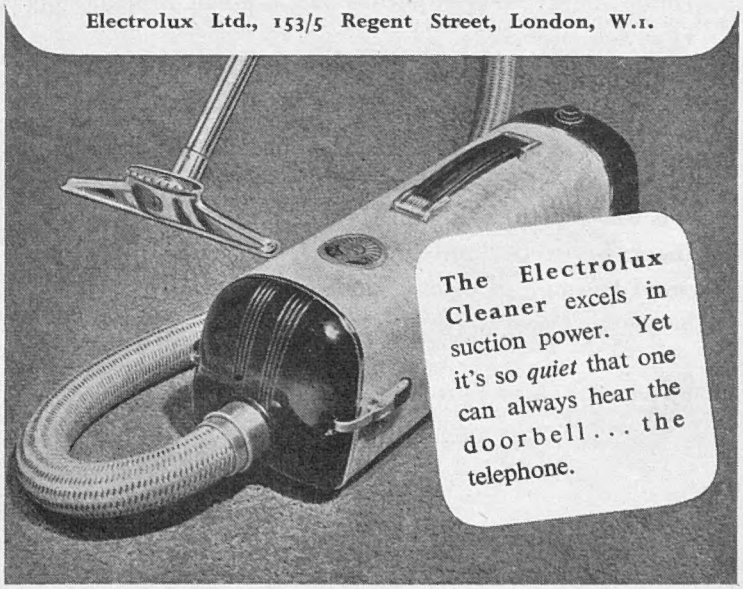
How does the Electrolux Cleaner remove *all* the dust and grit? Only by suction. But then, Electrolux *excels* in deep, penetrating suction . . . without shock or wear to the finest fabric. All tools for floor-to-ceiling cleaning—and a sprayer—without extra cost. H.P. Terms available. Backed by a 2-Year-Guarantee.

Electrolux *Excels*...

By Appointment Refrigerator Makers to the late King George VI

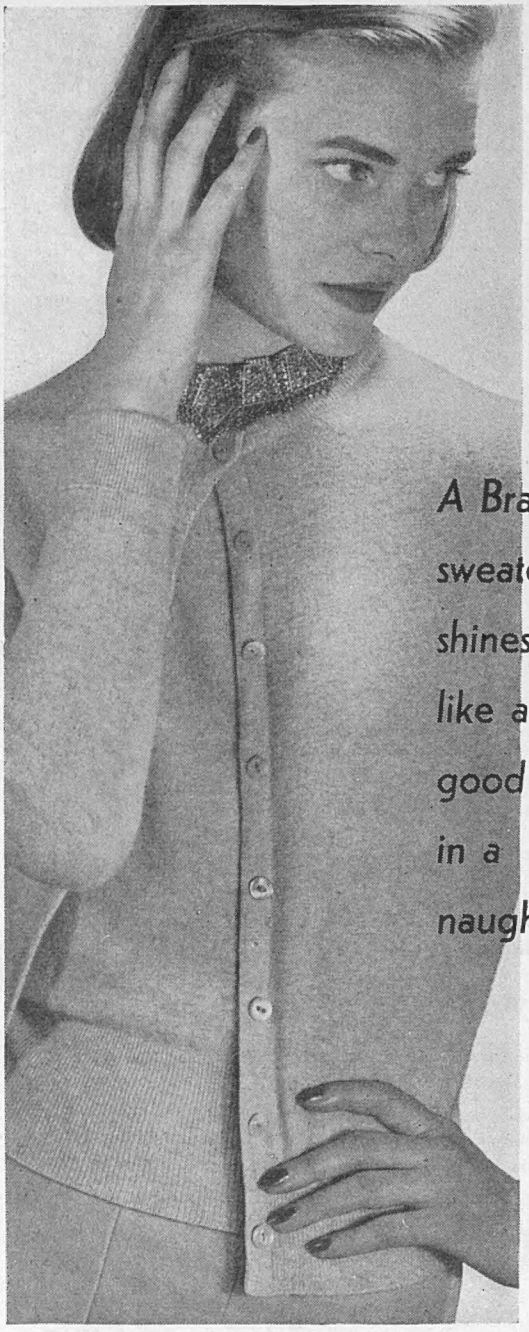
By Appointment Suction Cleaner and Refrigerator Manufacturers to H.M. Queen Mary

Electrolux Ltd., 153/5 Regent Street, London, W.1.



The Electrolux Cleaner excels in suction power. Yet it's so *quiet* that one can always hear the doorbell . . . the telephone.

royds



A Braemar sweater shines out like a good deed in a naughty world!

The sheer perfection of a Braemar twin-set, the downy softness, the rainbow of colouring, the loving care that goes into the making, the finish — so perfect that you could almost wear it inside out — make Braemar perhaps too desirable.

Right now too many women want too few Braemars; even although there are *more* Braemars than ever before. But you *can* find a Braemar. And because the classic lines have both wit and wisdom and are so right for life today, it is well worth asking for them. All the good shops stock them; in strictly limited supplies, of course. But the personal triumph of owning and cherishing a Braemar can be yours. Do ask. It's worth it.

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON AND COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Relax in the SUN in comfort and style

Fond of the sun? Then be wise and protect your eyes. With Thurgar Bollé Sunglasses you can relax in comfort—relax in style. Complete eye protection against all forms of sunglare. Exclusive designs for men and women at prices to suit all pockets.

New 1952 models from chemists, opticians and leading stores.

Thurgar Bollé

SUNGLASSES

Such comfort - such elegance

FRENCH RAILWAYS NEWS

HOW TO MAKE THAT £25 S-T-R-E-T-C-H

Good Travel Agents have the answer

Lots of the people whose hearts sank at the latest cuts in foreign travel allowances are beginning to discover that things are not so bad after all.

Travel agencies have been able to assure many anxious enquirers that, with a little forethought, their £25 can be stretched (without undue strain!) to encompass a fortnight's holiday in France quite comfortably. They point out that travellers can get to any destination in France without spending a *single franc* on fares. Railway tickets are booked and paid for in sterling at any good Travel Agency in Britain.

Regarding locale, it is reported that enterprising travellers are finding many places off the beaten track that offer comfortable accommodation, lovely scenery, a delightfully uncommercialized atmosphere and a new slant on French life—all at prices within the statutory £25.

For many years a relatively few travel-wise people have been taking this kind of holiday regularly. Now force of circumstance is impelling many more to discover the simple delights of what initiates call "the true France".

Ask at any good travel agency for details of holidays within the £25

REDUCED FARES FOR TOURISTS

Tourist tickets at reduced fares will be maintained during 1952. These offer reductions of 20% and 30% on ordinary fares for return and circular journeys of at least 1,500 and 2,000 km. on the French Railways. A holiday bargain worth investigating. Party Tickets, for any return or transit journey in France, are another bargain. With these, ten or more passengers travelling together get a 30% reduction, and for thirty passengers or more it is as much as 40%.

AIM FOR MID-WEEK TRAVEL

Note for those who can pick their dates, French Railways remind intending passengers that mid-week journeys are less crowded than week-end, and that holidays taken outside the peak period from July 15 to August 31 can cost less and are no great hardship in a country where summer starts early, stays late.

FREE BOOKLET—a Feast of Colour

The touch of a Parisian artist breathes glamour and romance into "France", a new, exquisitely colour-printed booklet available free on application to French Railways Ltd. Write today, a postcard will do.

SNCF

Information, tickets and reservations from any good Travel Agent or—

FRENCH RAILWAYS LTD

179 Piccadilly, London W.1

CVS—54

Exciting, New, Easy Way for you to have that

Fresh, Young, *Natural* Look

The Off-Stage Beauty Secret of Hollywood's Loveliest Stars

Wondrously... miraculously... Max Factor brings you the new *natural* loveliness that Fashion demands! Incredibly soft, fragrantly perfumed face powders to enliven the beauty of your skin's natural colour tones ... smooth, creamy, long-lasting lipsticks that cannot make lips sensitive or parched ... AND NOW, in addition, Max Factor reveals the technique which is the off-stage beauty secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Follow these three simple steps below—and see for yourself how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients brings out your natural loveliness as no other make-up—no other method—could possibly do!

Created in Fashion Harmony Shades

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD
—for that Fresh, Young, *Natural* look.

Step 1: After applying foundation, *puff on a light coating of powder*, brushing off surplus. And there's your soft, lovely, natural-looking Max Factor matt finish! If you prefer the "sheen look", pat your face lightly now, with clean, damp sponge. That does it! Either way, every tiny blemish is completely concealed; Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients covers more perfectly than *any other make-up.*

Step 2: *Now—your lips;* any shape you prefer. Let make-up overlap them before applying Max Factor lipstick. To make lips thinner, draw outline just inside lip edges. To make them fuller, carry colour over edges. Famous Max Factor Non-Drying, Indelible Lipstick covers *completely;* never makes lips sensitive or parched. Creamier too; contains much more lanolin.

Step 3: *To make super-indelible,* rub lips with tip of finger, after applying lipstick. The longer you rub, the more indelible the colour. Then apply more lipstick and blot with tissue. Don't bite tissue; press it firmly to lips—and peel it off slowly. Lipstick colour will stay on; *never come off on anything or anybody.* For lips with that fresh, shiny look, apply lipstick again, but don't blot!

JOAN RICE
as she looks when away from the cameras.
This lovely lady of the screen, now starring in
Walt Disney's
"ROBIN HOOD"
an RKO Release
is one of the many film actresses who depend on Max Factor Powder and Lipstick for that fresh, young, Natural Look . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

For her light tan skin and brunette hair, Joan chooses Max Factor Summer Tan Face Powder and Max Factor Rose Red No. 2 Lipstick.

GUARANTEE: Buy Max Factor Hollywood Lipstick and Powder at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store and use according to directions. If you don't agree that they make you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use them, simply return the unused portions to Max Factor, Hollywood & London (Sales) Ltd., 16, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. for full refund.

Fit and finish make these slips the best value money can buy— look inside one and see!

THE perfect slip must give perfect fit and have perfect finish, too. Just look inside a Kayser Bondor slip — and see the quality workmanship of the stitching and seams. There you will find the superior finish that is your guarantee when you buy Kayser Bondor. These slips are made in 7 sizes, with 2 lengths to a size, in some styles, and have adjustable shoulder straps.

Sizes 32" to 44".
In crepes and satins from **14/6** *to* **37/6**
In nylon tricot **39/11** *to* **57/6**
according to style.

There are briefs and pantees, in rayon tricot and nylon tricot, to wear with these slips. Waist sizes 25" to 33".

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH **YOU** IN MIND

When the men had packed up, the women would wrap their brilliant shawls closely round their shoulders, sit up alongside their men, and drive off, one after the other, taking the same road.

Success Story

BY

JOANNA LACEY DREW

NO one knew where they came from in the first place, the two dark women and their tall, gangling husbands. The women with their dark, sleek hair, their olive skins : gipsies, one would have said. But the husbands were fairish, and they, too, curiously resembled one another : loose-jointed and light-stepping, slim-hipped, long, narrow faces. Certainly not gipsies, yet somehow foreign, though their Cockney was fluent enough on the rare occasions when they spoke. They were hard-working, taciturn, obedient men.

The women were the brains of each couple : fair enough, for neither were beauties. Their charm lay in the dark liveliness of their glance, the alertness and quick movement of their small, slim figures. They might have been two sisters who had married two brothers, but if this were so, they were a family divided, for they were never seen to speak to each other, even though their barrows faced each other, one at each corner of a narrow cul-de-sac.

It was on a Saturday that they first came, the busiest shopping day of our bustling suburb, when the housewives with their replenished purses came to stock up for the week. From the first it was obvious that they were not casual street hawkers. They set out their wares in a practised way, with the large, polished apples at the front of the stack, the oranges in a neat pyramid, the handsome dark-green cabbages balanced on each other, with tight, white-budded cauliflowers evenly ranged at the base of the pile. An eye for colour they had in their clothes, too, in those days.

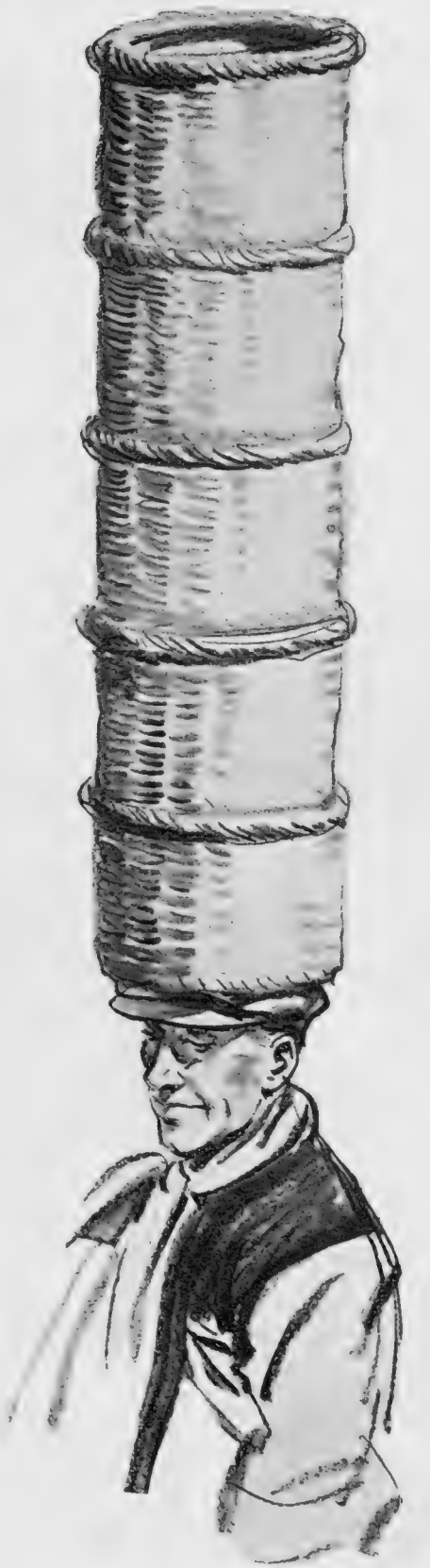
Alice, who had the left-hand corner, wore a richly crimson shawl, and the combs which held her smooth hair shone brilliant with imitation stones. The stones in the golden rings on her fingers were too large to be real, but they had made a brave show.

Mrs. Lee—we have never known her Christian name—had the right-hand corner. Her shawl was green—a slightly deeper than emerald green, and the only rings she wore were the heavy gold band on the third finger of her left hand and the buckled ring above it. There was nothing false about either—they were solid gold, no doubt about it.

THERE were several greengrocers of the orthodox kind in the shopping centre, but both Alice and Mrs. Lee quickly attracted customers, and although for the first few weeks they only set up their stalls on Saturdays, people got into the habit of waiting for them and buying their main supplies from them.

They didn't shout their wares, as the other costers did, but the stuff was good and fresh and the prices slightly below those in the shops. It didn't take long for them to get their regulars, and in a few weeks it was as if they had always been there on Saturdays. They were part of the expected scene.

The men worked anonymously in the background, carrying the heavy sacks of potatoes to the stalls, cutting off the excess leaves of the cauliflowers, filling up



the troughs as the women emptied them. Although there were crowds around the stalls, nobody waited for service long, for the women served quickly and deftly.

Alice was the bright one, with a joke and a smile for everyone. She smoked almost incessantly, but for all that her teeth shone white and often in her dark face. Mrs. Lee didn't smoke at all; didn't joke much, either, although it was generally agreed that she was a pleasant enough person, even if she was quiet. Anyway, it would have taken an outstanding personality to have shone against Alice's sparkle and verve.

Towards evening, when the shopping crowds thinned, and only a drifting late-comer came up to the stalls, the men would pack, loading the boxes into their carts, wheeling the barrows away to the garages, where they were stored during the week, and finally taking the nose-bags from their ponies' heads. Then the women would wrap their brilliant shawls closely round their shoulders, sit up alongside their men, and drive off, one after the other, taking the same road.

THE weeks passed, and soon the stalls were set up more often. First they expanded into Thursdays and Fridays, and then, so gradually that the change was hardly noticed, into Tuesdays and Wednesdays as well, so that it was only on Mondays that they didn't appear. Their trade expanded with them, and all through the week regular lines of customers awaited their service.

By then, of course, their characteristics were well known. Mrs. Lee's customers expected efficient and honest dealing and no chatter. Alice's customers, who far out-numbered Mrs. Lee's, came as much for the entertainment as for the service. The racy joke, the swift retort; even if the scoop was snatched off the scales a fraction too soon, or the reckoning was made too fast to follow, it was worth it. Customers went away with heavy baskets and lighter hearts.

Even a dull day was brightened by a spot of badinage with Alice. And Alice loved it. Tirelessly she served and gleamed and sparkled for her customers—her subjects—and each night her stall would be trundled round to the waiting garage. Each night Alice would sit up alongside her man. The pony would start off, hardly waiting for the signal, and the procession would move southwards out of the quietening town; Mrs. Lee's cart following Alice's. The street lamps would start into brightness, the curtains would be drawn in the little houses. Another day done.

IN a small community such as ours, impending changes are scented rather than observed. Nobody knows how rumours get around, and when the wooden screens went up round two shop sites in the main street all the shoppers knew that Alice and Mrs. Lee were the future shopkeepers. The only question was, on which side of the street was Alice going to make her debut? Knowing Alice as we did by then, the answer should have been obvious. For with typical audacity Alice had chosen the wrong side of the street, relying, it would seem, on her personality to attract her custom away from the shopping side of the road. For in our suburb, as in any other, one side was the right side, where everybody shopped.

This was the side where the multiple shops clustered together, with expensive frontages and bright metallic and neon-lighted signs. On the other side of the road a few dejected shops existed on the leavings. On this, the wrong side, there was a little wool shop, a twopenny library, with a window full of book-covers unchanged from year to year, an old-fashioned haberdashers kept by two maiden ladies, a funeral emporium, and so on. Between the wool shop and a poorish café Alice's open-fronted shop gleamed richly, and the customers who had previously thronged around her stall now stood in orderly lines and waited their turns. A subdued, dark young girl appeared from nowhere and served alongside Alice, but

As often as not, the children would stagger off with heavy baskets, tucking into a bonus in the shape of a rosy apple.

she only got the casual passer-by, for Alice remained the lodestone which attracted the customers.

EVERY now and again Alice would stop serving to survey her swelling queue and compare it ostentatiously with the thin line of stragglers awaiting the girl's services. Then her rich voice would ring out :

" Now then, why can't you give the poor girl something to do ? Want to make her jealous ? "

A sheepish titter from the women waiting, but no movement. Remorselessly, Alice would single out a woman about half-way down her queue ; a woman wearing a rabbit-skin coat, it might be.

" You there in the mink coat ! You give 'em a start. Go on there ! Everyone after the lady in the fur coat goes to the other side."

And half the crowd would shuffle obediently to the other side of the shop to be served, disappointed, maybe, but unresentful. Nobody resented Alice's gibes, accompanied, as they were, by her generous smile. In the background now the husband was helped by a young boy, and throughout the day Alice served tirelessly, flinging the vegetables carelessly into the scale, so that the dial shot round dizzily, pouring the contents of the scoop into the shoppers' baskets before the dial had even stopped swinging.

Short weight, undoubtedly, but with what an air ! Short change, too, for that matter : few of her customers could keep up with her lightning calculations. A few shoppers might be cantankerous enough to complain, and then the slow policeman would descend majestically and benignantly on Alice, while the customers would accept the ensuing scene as part of the free show, and smile indulgently as Alice's wit crackled round the law.

Naturally the local newspaper reported her periodical appearances in court, and the women would mention the report to each other with a sort of civic pride :

" Our Alice 's been 'ad up again ! " they would say.

" Oh, yes ? What was it this time ? "

They might shrug, perhaps, or laugh, according to their characters.

" Oh, short weight as usual ! "

Or it might be : " Added in the date ! You know our Alice ! "

And they might add, with a pleasurable feeling of shock : " Isn't she the limit ! She 'll be getting into real trouble, one of these days ! "

But nobody really disapproved. Alice meant colour and verve, and life was drab enough. It needed to be lighted up.

MRS. LEE ? Oh, well : *her* shop—on the right side of the road—was flanked by a successful grocer on one side, a successful draper on the other. She fitted in well enough, too ; wearing a white coat just like the other shopkeepers. Gone was the brilliant shawl ; gone the combs in her hair. She was sober, sedate, and almost ostentatiously honest. She looked, in fact, like any other shopkeeper on the right side of the road. And yet, somehow, the crowds crossed the road to where Alice's bright shawl glowed like a rallying flag.

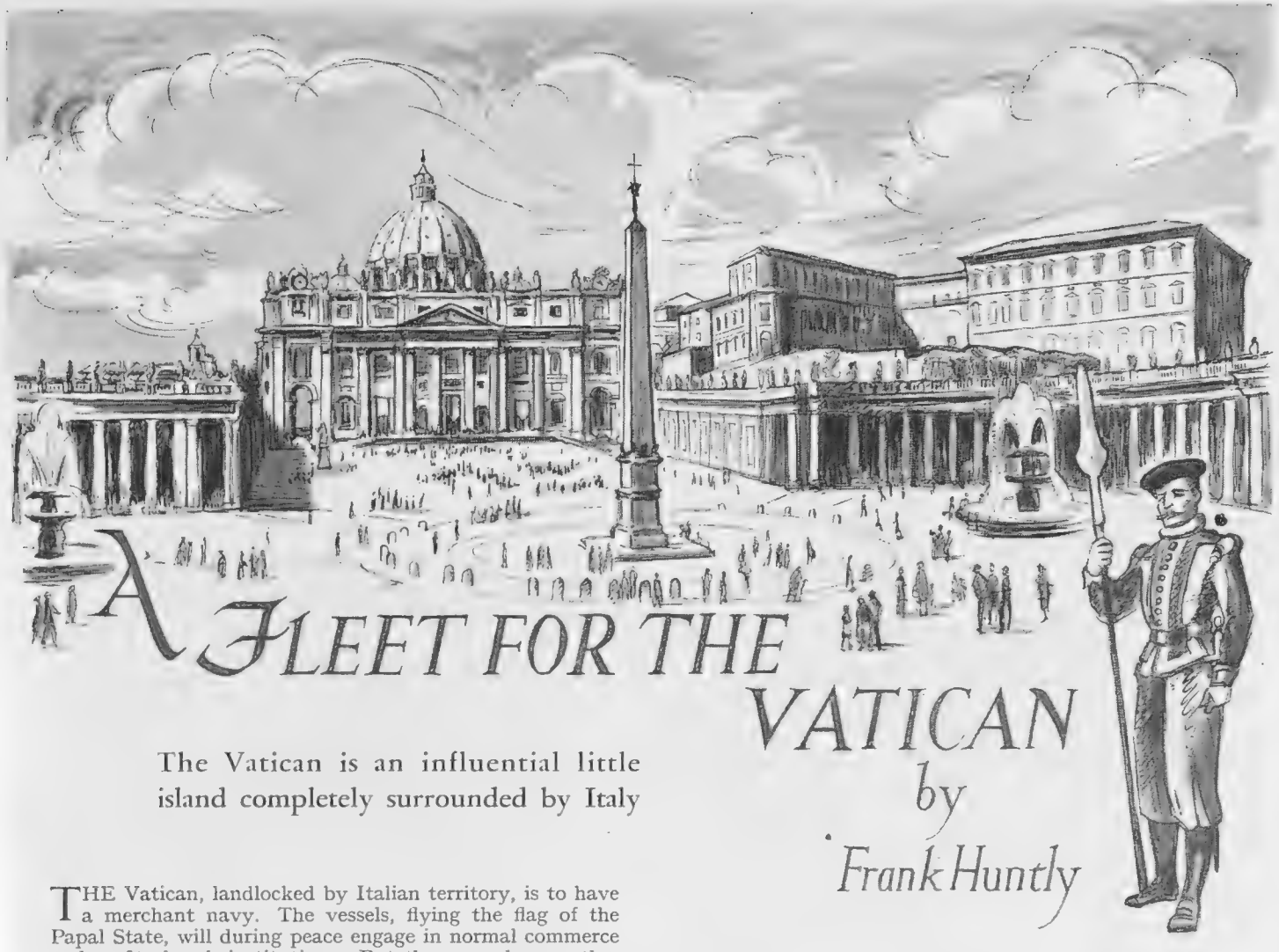
It was a mystery. Perhaps they regarded the extra they paid, or the little less they received, as entertainment tax—who can tell ? Or maybe the cheerful roguery of Alice's approach appealed to the latent audacity, let us say, in her customers. She attempted—and, indeed, she got away with—performances they would have liked to equal or eclipse. Alice dared where they dared not.

I suppose that 's what it was, reduced to its essence. And she prospered and throve exceedingly.

Hard at work in the background was the taciturn husband and his young helper. The dark, quiet girl served those occasional shoppers who didn't know enough to wait for Alice. Children, of course, always waited for Alice. They trusted her, and with reason. She never gave them short weight ; rather the opposite. She would spend precious time deciphering the scrawled lists they brought with them, adding their bills with surprising slowness, and pencilling the total on the list.

As often as not, the child would stagger off with her heavy basket, tucking into a bonus in the shape of a rosy apple or a cluster of grapes. The rest of the queue might have to wait a little longer to be served while these attractive interludes took place, (*Continued on page 70 .*)

The housewives are used to seeing Alice in her Vauxhall now. Some of them wave to her as she passes by ; she always waves back.



A FLEET FOR THE VATICAN

by Frank Huntly

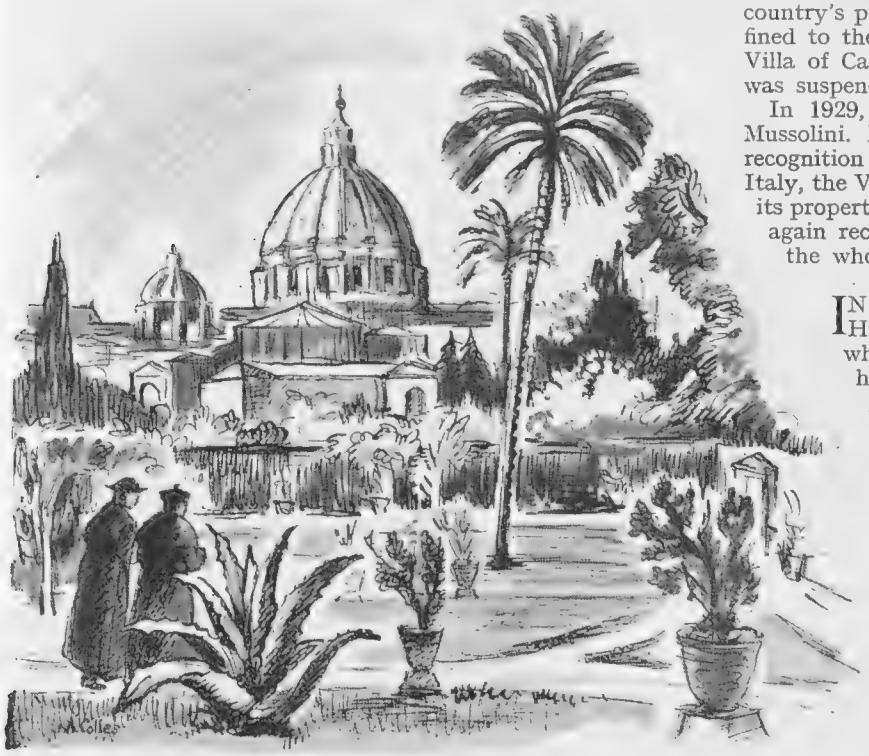
The Vatican is an influential little island completely surrounded by Italy

THE Vatican, landlocked by Italian territory, is to have a merchant navy. The vessels, flying the flag of the Papal State, will during peace engage in normal commerce to benefit church institutions. But the move has another motive, which is more urgent: to free the State from the embarrassment it has suffered in war. Any future hostilities would find Vatican City in possession of a fleet of neutral ships to import necessities.

Notwithstanding its isolation from the sea, Mussolini once called Vatican territory the richest treasure island the world has ever known. In terms of power and property it used to be wealthier still.

For centuries the Popes of Rome exercised a vast temporal influence, and the Papal States spread over an area of 17,218 square miles, with an internal population of over 3,000,000. But, after 1870, when the papal domains were embodied in unified Italy, the Popes were virtually that country's prisoners. The territory of the Papacy was confined to the palaces of the Vatican, the Lateran and the Villa of Castel-Gandolfo, and the Pope's temporal power was suspended.

In 1929, however, Pius XI negotiated a treaty with Mussolini. In return for considerable financial sacrifice and recognition of the House of Savoy as the ruling dynasty of Italy, the Vatican received full and independent rights over its property on the bank of the Tiber, and the Papacy was again recognized as possessing "temporal power before the whole world."



The Pope's private gardens are a wealth of floral beauty

IN the magnificent palace of the Popes, on Vatican Hill, the Papal rulers of a religious population which to-day numbers something like 350,000,000, have now lived for over a century. Lived, not grandiloquently, but simple, lowly, austere lives. It is, in fact, the combination of the Vatican's splendour with its principal tenant's humble mode of life that stirs alike the imagination and the respect of its millions of adherents spread through the five continents.

Yet it abounds with strange contrasts, this smallest of sovereign states of scarcely more than 100 acres. In size, the pocket republics of Andorra and San Marino are empires compared with the Vatican City. A visitor to the papal kingdom, from the moment he passes the sentry inside the Portal of Bronze, has an impression of a (*Continued on page* 82)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY COLLES

LET'S

For a week, or a fortnight, you are in very truth skipper of your own craft, master of your own destiny. There are two hundred miles of waterway to explore at your own leisure

You can pore over your map and plot your course from day to day—or you can just "potter" from place to place caring not whither you go, how long it takes, or how to get there

THE BROADS CAN PROVIDE AN

ONE of my most enjoyable tasks as a writer is the preparation of articles on holiday topics. I ask you to believe me when I assure you I take this part of my work very seriously. At the back of my mind is always the picture of some family or individual actually setting off for their annual break—and they may have planned that holiday after reading one of my articles! I just can't let such folk down by leading them up the garden path. A holiday that proves a "flop" is a tragedy indeed.

If I come to the conclusion that any particular spot, or type of holiday, is overrated, or of the catch-penny variety I just don't write about it—or put out a pretty broad hint my readers should think twice before packing their bags.

I'VE got no such qualms when writing of holidays on the Broads—and I'm pretty hard-boiled when it comes to interpreting the true values of professionally compiled publicity brochures and the like. "Delightful" may mean anything ranging from mediocre to mildly interesting! It sometimes pays to gaze at holiday posters through dark glasses and peruse guide books with your fingers crossed. But not where the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads are concerned. If anything, they don't get the publicity they deserve.

BE "BROAD"-MINDED

by

TREVOR HOLLOWAY

(*Opposite*) You can tie up and quench your thirst at a quaint old inn at Reedham. (*Below*) The River Art near Wayford Bridge provides exciting landscapes. The Broads is an artist's paradise—an old mill, reflections in still waters, wild fowl on the wing. (*Bottom*) Even Oulton Dyke at 6 a.m. is a memorable sight

ENJOYABLE AND VARIED HOLIDAY

There is a mysterious "something" about this vast stretch of inland waterways that "gets" you right from the start—a kind of magic spell that calls thousands back year after year. There is magic in the dawn, and in the sunsets, too. A glorious feeling of being "away from it all"—a place where you are freed from the tyrannies of the clock, a quiet backwater where you can laze the day away and let the rest of the world go by.

For a week, or a fortnight, you are in very truth skipper of your own craft, master of your own destiny. There are some two hundred miles of waterways to explore. You can pore over your map and plot your course from day to day—or you can just "potter" from place to place, caring not whither you go, how long it takes, or how to get there. It just doesn't matter anyway, for there is beauty and surprise no matter up which channel your boat noses its way.

A Broadland holiday is what I would term an "omnibus" holiday. If fishing's your fancy then you've come to the ideal spot. The waterways teem with roach, perch, rudd, bream and pike. The best coarse fishing in the country, in fact. Painting or sketching? The Broads is an artist's paradise—exciting landscapes, an old mill, reflections in still waters, wild fowl on the wing, (*Continued on page* 69)

The Birth Of The Can-Can

IN 1852 performers male and female at the Moulin de la Galette (called after a biscuit factory) used to stay on after the last customers had left, and amuse themselves by executing acrobatic kicks, leaps, twirls and other fantasies, to the guitar and accordion, and the gurgling of wine.

The "Mill" was up a street of the hillside village-suburb of Montmartre; its patrons chiefly drawn from the painters and versifyers of Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, and their grisette and model friends, plus a very necessary leavening of fellows up from the boulevard with money, either already in "light" company, or looking for it.

Put on their mettle by the contortions of one of their number, "The Boneless One," the performers would seek to outdo one another—until one morning they became aware that their gyrations were taking the form of a dance, and, what was more, of a rainbow display of underclothing from which shot challenging, black-stockinged legs.

So originated the Can-Can which this year reaches its centenary.

While it would be inaccurate to compare such a specialized dance with ballroom dancing, it is none the less a fact that the Can-Can survives alone and kickingly from the world of the Crimean polka and of the stately, partner-at-a-distance, earliest Strauss waltzes.

It does more than survive; it leads a nostalgic revival of Paris of the nineties, manifestations of which may be seen simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. Toulouse-Lautrec supplies the main inspiration of this "end of the century" vogue, as the triumphant exhibitions of his paintings have shown. And the dwarfed hunchback drew much of his inspiration from the Moulin Rouge and especially the Bal Tabarin, where reigned the Can-Can. A play about the former is booked for New York, with Lautrec as its pivot. Jean Simmons will appear in it in London, and Pierre Fresnay on TV in Paris.

In her musical production, *Paris 90*, Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner gives New Yorkers the Tabarin treatment. London has had its Can-Can on stage and screen. Massine's lovely Technicolor *Gaietés Parisiennes* leads to a tumultuous and sustained "Can-Can."

I suppose the reason this dance has been identified most closely with the nineties is because the Parisian gaiety, naughtiness and charm which it (*Continued on page 72*)

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LILIAN CHIVERS

CUPID AND PSYCHE

Story by
ARNOLD WAREING

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW

IN ancient myth, as in modern life, beauty is often a perilous possession. Psyche, a royal daughter, had more of it than her two sisters, lovely as they were—so much noble, gracious charm that the people strewed garlands at her feet and forsook the altars of Venus to praise her instead.

Jealous of this worship of a mere mortal, Venus, the goddess of love, called her son, Cupid, and said: "You will avenge this betrayal of your mother. You, who have the power to make mortals love, will pierce the heart of this minx with one of your arrows and make her fall in love with some monstrous creature others shun and despise." And thus was born an old-time fable in which the gentle Psyche symbolized the soul purified by suffering to make it worthy of a true, spiritual love.

From two fountains in the garden of Venus—one of bitter water, one of sweet—the young god filled two pitchers, then with these and his bow and quiver, flew off to the city where Psyche lived and found her in her chamber asleep. Sprinkling the bitter water of sorrow on her lips, he pierced the pale, soft breast with a sharp arrow. She stirred, sighing, and opened her eyes. Watching her, himself unseen, he mused: "She is indeed even lovelier than my mother."

AS she sank again into sleep he stooped and touched her lips lightly with his own. Once more she stirred and sighed, and as he drew back, fearful of gazing into those fateful eyes yet again, the barb of an arrow in his quiver wounded him and he knew that now he, too, was in love. How, then, could he punish this fair maiden,

THE people wept as the procession moved off up the mountain path

Psyche is borne by Zephyr to Cupid's paradisal retreat. Chastised by the jealousy of Venus, her soul is purified by misfortunes to fit her for true happiness

even at his mother's behest? Quickly, to make amends, he sprinkled her with the sweet water of happiness, saw a radiance suffuse her, and flew away.

When news of Venus's anger spread no one dared ask Psyche's hand in marriage. Her sisters married kings, but Psyche pined unsought. Why, pondered her father, the king, when she is lovelier than they? Thinking the gods must be displeased with her, he decided to consult the oracle of Apollo and received this message:

"No mortal shall she ever have for bridegroom, but a monster that dwells on top of the mountain above your city. Let her be robed in black and taken there. Woe unto the king and his people if he ignore this decree!"

AT first the king and queen could not bring themselves to do this, but soon realized that they must submit. Psyche realized it, too, convinced that the worship her beauty provoked had angered the gods. So her handmaidens decked her out royally, with a wreath on her head, but for a funeral rather than a wedding.

The people wept as the procession moved off up the mountain path, the bride on a litter, the grief-bowed king and queen walking before it, the maidens bearing torches, the minstrels playing nuptial music, but mournfully because of the sorrow in their hearts.

After a sad leave-taking at the summit the procession turned back down the slope. Psyche watched it fade with dim eyes, then was alone with her tears, fearing that every sound on that desolate mountain-top meant the approach of the unknown monster she was fated to marry.

BUT soon a gentle breeze caught her up, wafting her, as in kindly arms, to a distant valley; for Cupid had sent his trusted courier, Zephyr, to bring her safely to his own paradisal retreat. It was a place of richly flowered meadows, pleasant woods, with a stream sparkling through it, and among the trees she saw, shining in the sun, a golden palace with towers and turrets, finer than any mansion she had ever beheld.

She watched, breathless with wonder, then felt fear, Was this but a trap to lure her to her doom? Voices reassured her. She entered the golden doors flanked by great gold pillars.

And what magic was here! Pavements of marble and precious stones. Walls of burnished gold. Ante-rooms stored with rich raiment for her to wear. A perfumed, porphyry bath in which to refresh her exquisite limbs before passing on to a banqueting table laid with all the things she most loved. Soothing music from unseen minstrels to charm her while she ate. A soft, luxurious couch on which to lie. Whoever owned this palace had prepared everything for her delight.

With the night came Cupid to allay her renewed fears and speak soft words of love as only a god could speak them. Though she could not see him she could feel his arms about her, and the ardour of his love, and loved him tenderly in return. Each night he visited her; each day she wandered about his enchanted palace in a dream.

But after a time she became restless, thinking of her family. What of her sisters? Would they not come to the mountain to mourn for her, thinking her dead to them for ever? Could she not see them again, show them how happy she was? Reluctantly Cupid consented to permit Zephyr to guide them to her. "But never," he warned, "let them persuade you to try to behold my face, which you must never see, or this love will be destroyed."

WHEN the sisters came and saw the magnificence, and Psyche decked in costly raiment and jewels, they were mockingly envious. "Who is this lord of yours who is always absent and may never be seen?" they demanded. "He is the monster, not the beautiful lover you imagine, who comes with the night. Take secretly a lamp and a knife and while he sleeps beside you, go light the lamp, and when

SHE held the light above him. No monster, in truth, but a roscate young god with his feathered wings folded under him. Here was Love himself, smiling in his dreams

you have seen how ugly he is, slay him. Only thus will you regain your freedom."

Stung by their reproaches, blind to the warning, Psyche was sure she could prove that they were wrong. That night, when they had gone, she prepared the lamp and knife—in case this was indeed a monster who lay beside her in the dark—and while the unknown slept, stole from the couch and held the light above him.

No monster, in truth, but a roseate young god with his feathered wings folded under him. Enthralled, she gazed long at the divine face, the heavenly body. The knife slipped from her grasp. Here was Love himself, smiling in his dreams. She bent over him as he stirred in his sleep, flung out his arms to embrace her.

A drop of burning oil fell on his shoulder. He awoke, saw her gazing at him reckless of his warning, and fled into the night. As she ran after him, distraught, he cried: "O faithless one! Had you been patient and trusting you would have borne an immortal son. Now all is lost. Your sisters will suffer, and you will suffer, for what you have done!"

ALONE she wandered, seeking her lost lover. Despairing, she came to a river, and thought to find oblivion in its depths, but Pan was there on the bank to chide her for wanting to die so young instead of living the life the gods had decreed for her. Eventually she resolved to go to Venus, hoping the angry goddess would forgive and pity her. If not, and she had to die, at least she might see Cupid first and die happy.

Venus, who now knew of their secret love, chastised her, tore her clothes, and gave her arduous tasks to perform. In the granary she would find a great heap of wheat, barley, millet, poppy and other grains and seeds. In one day she must sort and separate them all or be punished. When, by nightfall, she had accomplished little, a procession of ants came and quickly completed the task for her. Cupid, she thought gratefully, sent them. He has not abandoned me.

She had to pluck wool from the golden fleeces of wild, dangerous rams which would surely kill her; but this time a voice came to her aid, saying: "Wait till evening when they rest in the shade, then may you safely gather the wool caught on bushes," and this she did. Then Venus ordered her to go to a black mountain stream, guarded by dragons, which fed the rivers of Hades, Styx and Cocytus, and bring from it a ewer of water. Terrified, she knew the monsters would kill her first; but Jove's eagle swooped, and snatched her ewer in its beak, and flashed past the dragons, filling it for her.

JOVE'S eagle swooped, and snatched her ewer in its beak, and flashed past the dragons, filling it for her

Her last dire task was to descend into Hades carrying a casket and beg Proserpine, Queen of the Shades, to fill it with a magic beauty unguent Venus needed, on no account opening the box to see what was inside. How could she reach Hades but through the door of death? She climbed a high tower to fling herself to destruction, but a voice told her of a secret cavern path by which she could enter Pluto's underworld. She was given the unguent, but on her way back thought: "Do I not need this beauty potion as much (*Continued on page* 84)

The Education Of An Heir-Apparent

What makes the ideal education for an Heir-Apparent? New plans must now be prepared for three-year-old Prince Charles

Marcus Adams

GREAT differences are likely in the life of three-year-old Prince Charles now that he has become Heir-Apparent to the throne of Great Britain.

The full education of an heir must be on a much wider scale than that of a Royal prince not immediately in the line of succession. More onerous duties, heavier responsibilities, stricter discipline, spring at once to mind. From an early age he must be the Monarch in miniature: the touring version of the London success. For all this and so much more, how will this young Prince, this present Duke of Cornwall and future Prince of Wales, be educated?

There is little recent precedent. Of our Royal family over the past century—King George VI., George V. and William IV. on the male side were not early Heirs-Apparent. William was a third son. Queen Victoria succeeded an uncle, and although others knew she would be Queen, the knowledge was kept from her until she was twelve years of age.

Where the education of Edward VII. as Prince of Wales continued until he was sixty, that of George V. did not begin until he was almost thirty. And in the case of our late Sovereign, the change from younger brother, Heir-Presumptive, to kingship itself occurred in less than a year.

The Queen and Prince Philip had been considering sending their son eventually to boarding school. This may not now be possible. So after nurse and governess at home in Buckingham Palace, which of three paths will be chosen? There could be private tutors, so successful in Queen Victoria's son; a career in the Royal Navy, that was first laid down by Edward VII. for his sons; or the already envisaged boarding school, most certainly "Royal" Eton, where so many princes of reigning and recent monarchs have learnt their lessons.

THE problem that has to be answered is—what makes the ideal education for an Heir-Apparent?

As a firm basis for what comes later, we find that the first item is—family life. From the words of our Kings themselves we learn how they consider the best of early education to be happiness at home!

Yet it was a lonely little boy who gave to present princes their freedom in boyhood years. The Prince Consort was an affectionate father and Queen Victoria an excellent mother. But their eldest son, Edward, looked back from later life and spoke sadly of his own youth, with its lack of friends of his own age. Except for three or four occasional companions he was lonely.

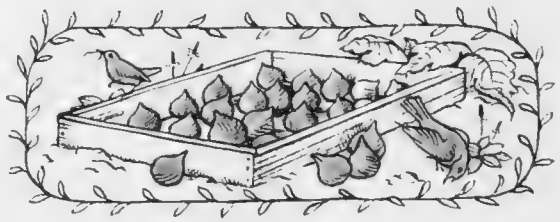
How different he made the lives of his own children. Both he and the Princess of Wales romped and played: they never tired of the chatter and tricks. A story, so typical of a jolly father, is of the Prince excusing himself from attending a House of (*Continued on page* 30)

BY GEORGE GORDON PAYN

BY ALEXANDER DILKE

Saving the Bulbs

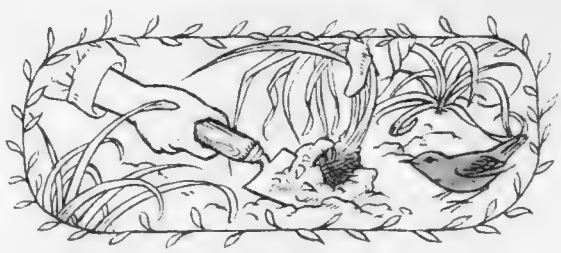
YOUR GARDEN IN MAY



THE spring-flowering bulbs we buy in the autumn very rarely fail. Nothing that grows is "fool-proof." Crocuses, daffodils, tulips and other spring-flowering bulbs come near to it, giving the maximum of colour with the minimum of trouble.

The tendency in a small garden, where space is precious, is to regard the plants as a nuisance once they have flowered. Most gardeners in these days, I think, realise that to clear the untidy bunches of daffodil leaves by cutting level with the soil is a crime, but I still occasionally see it done. The bulbs might as well be dug up and thrown on the rubbish-heap.

This question of allowing the leaves to make their full growth, and send food down to the bulb, which has weakened itself in the prodigious effort of making the flower, is so important that professional growers of fine varieties often grow cheap varieties specially to supply the leaves



demanded with cut flowers, leaving those on the choice bulbs quite untouched.

Immediately flowering is finished, every withered head should be removed from daffodil and tulip plants. This will prevent further strength being wasted on the formation and ripening of seed-pods. If it is essential that daffodils or narcissi should be moved to make room, they should be dug up, care being taken not to cut the roots, and carefully replanted in a trench in a spare piece of ground.

This transplanting requires as much care as if the plants were going to provide flowers. Take up a ball of soil with each bulb and do not leave the bulbs exposed to the spring sunshine or drying winds. Firm the bulbs in their new position with plenty of soil to cover the bulbs and make sure in dry weather that they have sufficient moisture.

Tulips and irises can be treated in the same way. By early July in the case of tulips, and probably late July in the case of daffodils, the leaves will have died down naturally. The leaves should be removed and the bulbs stored in trays or shallow boxes in a cool place where air circulates.

The tulip bulbs you lift are not, of course, the ones you planted, but new ones which have formed.

Usually a number of "baby" bulbs will be found which can be "grown on" for a few years if it is considered worth while. The main bulb will not, as a rule, give such a good flower the second season, which might well be spent in a kitchen-garden bed to provide cut flowers and make full growth to give a large flower in the third season.

Tulip bulbs should always be lifted, I think, and it is better to change the ground for them every year. Daffodils and narcissi can be left in the ground and the foliage tidied by being tied into a knot.

Give your bulbs fair treatment after they have flowered and they will repay you handsomely for years to come. There is inevitably some loss every year, but it is much more often due to neglect or ill-treatment after the flowering period than to disease or pests.

Half a Chance

BY
DUDLEY HOYS

He was an interesting old man, and this is the extraordinary tale he had to tell.

We drifted into a casual chat. I explained my tendency to potter. "Then while you are here—would you care to see something?" He indicated the graveyard with his left hand. It was a long, graceful, wiry hand.

I SHALL never make an efficient tourist, being inherently lax at sticking to the timetable. All I seem to do is to potter. That is why I found myself dawdling, with no plan, on that hot August afternoon in San Sebastian. It was very, very hot—sleepy hot. The only thing that mattered was to sit down and do nothing. Aimless loitering had led me along a quiet road flanked by a high wall, and a gateway in it gave a glimpse of a graveyard. Beneath the wall was the welcome sight of an old wooden bench. The figure of a man lolled drowsily at one end. I strolled across and slumped down gratefully on the other.

Sitting there among the stillness and strong sunshine and faint smell of dust, I was too lazy even to satisfy the urge for a cigarette. It was the man at the other end who roused me from a sort of comfortable coma.

He said: "A hot day, señor." He had spoken in excellent English.

For the first time I took a good look at him. His features had the slight smeariness of great age, but he was handsome, for all that, with animated brown eyes, a long, aquiline nose and a trimmed white beard. I put him down at somewhere between eighty and ninety. He was wearing a decent black suit, a soft collar and a dark tie held together by a gold ring.

I said: "Too hot for a tourist."

He smiled. "England is a chilly place."

"Not always."

"I found it so. I never got used to the climate, though for forty years I worked in the London office of a Spanish firm."

That explained his command of the language. By his accent, he might have been born in England. It contrasted oddly with his appearance.

We drifted into a casual chat. He asked what had brought me to this particular spot in San Sebastian,

At the height of success he had been sure of himself with Inez, that lovely, sparkling, wilful little devil, with eyes like dark-blue stars, the dream of every man in San Sebastian.

and I explained my tendency to potter, and he nodded and said:

"Then while you are here—would you care to see something? The story behind it might interest you."

"If it isn't too far."

He indicated the graveyard with his left hand. It was a long, graceful, wiry hand. "In there," he said.

"All right, thanks."

We got up and went through the gateway, passed between rows of spick-and-span memorials, and came to a corner where a stone stood half-hidden by unkempt grass. Weather and time had eroded the lettering, and yet the stone itself could not have been particularly old. All I could make out were the last two figures of a date, 91.

"Jose Ibanez died sixty years ago," he explained. "It was a hot August day like this, in 1891."

"Who was he?"

"He was a matador of some eminence in his day, though not among the greatest." His lips twisted in a curious smile. "I remember him well. He was afraid to live."

"That's a strange thing to say."

"I will tell you about him. Let us go back to the seat."

We returned to the bench, and he accepted a cigarette. He began his story, and sixty years ago became yesterday. . . .

ON May 7, 1891, Jose Ibanez was on his way to a bull-fight in San Sebastian. He lived close by, or he would have ridden in a carriage, having made enough money to afford such luxury. He was of average height, black-haired, broad-shouldered and supple. Because of the width of his jowl and the meaty tint of his skin, he might have been taken for forty, instead of his true age of twenty-eight. He walked thoughtfully, with no smile, and he certainly had little reason to be gay. He was not going to the Corridor de Torreos to fight, but to carry out the theatrical public gesture of supporting the new star in the ascendant, Carlos Pla.

Jose was finished with the ring. A weak heart had made it imperative for him to retire. On several occasions he had been seized by bad attacks, once while drinking in a much-frequented café. In harness with this common knowledge ran a rumour that he had more skill than courage. It had come to his ears, and the truth of it enraged him.

There were other bitter facts goading Jose. At the height of success he had been sure of himself with Inez, that lovely, sparkling, wilful little devil, with eyes like dark-blue stars, the pride of her doting parents and the dream of every man, single or married, in San Sebastian. Inez believed in success, not in failure. She had transferred her fascinations to Carlos Pla.

Not that Jose revealed his feelings to the world. The dramatic streak in him demanded that he should be hailed as a generous loser. He had let it be known that he was going to help Carlos dress for this especially important fight, and to wish him luck. People would have to say:

"A noble gesture. A grand fellow, Jose Ibanez."

He nodded to himself. His generous behaviour would earn him tributes. And it would give him the chance to earn something else, more precious than praise or money.

PRESENTLY he came within sight of the converging crowds. He was recognised, and some called admiring greetings, and others smiled ironically. He waved his acknowledgments, passed beyond the public entrances, went through the private doorway and along to the room reserved for young Carlos.

Carlos, who was slim and gay, welcomed him. They discussed the prospects for the afternoon and talked the technicalities of their profession. Inevitably, a clamour of nervous excitement fluttered inside the younger man. This was the day of his great chance.

Meanwhile, the public were revelling in the opening stages of the Corridor. There was the breathtaking thrill when the gates of the toril opened and the first black bull flung its well-fed wickedness into the arena, snorting, stamping, turning a furious head in search of some victim. The minor members of the show stood in front of their baulks of wood, inviting the bull to charge. It thundered across at one laughing, defiant youngster, who stood his ground until those horns seemed bound to rip the life out of him. In the last split-second he leapt behind the baulk. The horns thudded into the wood. The bull drew back, swung round, launched itself in a raging avalanche at another mocking figure on the opposite side of the ring.

(*Continued on page 63*)

→

In the last split-second the laughing, defiant youngster leapt behind the baulk. The horns thudded into the wood.

Motherhood of the Wild

IT is a fallacy that Nature endows all her female creatures with the proper instincts of a mother. In the human species there are innumerable instances where the natural instinct is deficient. The same goes for the animal world though, generally speaking, the hazards of Nature bring the instincts of the animal mother to such a point of perfection that some four-legged "experts" offer an object lesson to humans in sagacity and selfless devotion. In the wild, Nature is the only instructor in the principles of child welfare and so sound is her teaching that the mere human may well reflect upon the value of it.

Many animal mothers bear the sole responsibility of bringing up their families and launching them on a hard world where they must live on their wits or perish. In many instances, the animal father turns his back upon domesticity and reverts to a carefree bachelor life, or rejoins the herd of males. In the animal world there is no dispute as to whether or not woman's place is in the home. It just *is* so and she must get on with it as best she may.

* * * *

WHEN Brumas, the popular baby polar bear of the London Zoo was born, much comment was made upon the separation from her father, but nobody would have been less concerned on this score than Brumas herself for it would have been all the same if she had seen the light of day in her native Arctic. Among the snows the mother bear has her young, generally twins, in a den of her own making which she excavates with great industry under the snow. The babies, when they arrive, are hardly bigger than large puppies, but the skill and gentleness with which this huge, ungainly creature handles the furry morsels is fascinating to see.

There are no baby sitters in the wild and no mother bear would take the risk of leaving babies unattended in the den, so almost as soon as they can totter she takes them with her in her search for food. With pats and pushes from nose and paws she encourages them along in front of her along the slippery way so full of hazards for their stumpy legs, though too much unintentional skating is prevented by the fur which Nature provides on the soles of their paws.

As soon as they are old enough to take to water, mother bear starts her patient swimming instruction. People who saw the gambols of Brumas and Ivy in their own pool at the Zoo were witnessing a performance which is a commonplace in the frozen north.

* * * *

SEALS—which incidentally provide the polar bears' staple diet—go in for a more gregarious form of life. Males and females live in packs, but though he is around the house, so to speak, the male seal concerns himself but little with nursery affairs.

Just before the event the female comes ashore for the birth of her young which, when it arrives—an immensely fat and woolly little creature—flounders about on the shore until the mother deems the moment ripe to introduce it to the water.

Coaxing a baby seal into the water is much like persuading a human toddler, with the mother going into the water first to show how safe and easy it is and the pupil, admiring but reluctant, hovering on the edge. Seals show extraordinary patience in instructing their young in landing upon the rocks of the storm-tossed shores to which they attach themselves.

Another amphibious creature, the otter (there are some interesting newcomers to the London Zoo), provides an example of a more domesticated and united form of family life. The "holt" or den in the river bank is carefully prepared by both parents before the young arrive, the female covering the nursery floor with good, dry rushes. The babies which are born in twos or threes, are blind but as though aware of his special responsibilities to a wife temporarily tied to babies bib strings the dog otter stays loyally beside his spouse, providing the food and attending to the affairs of the family with creditable devotion.

THOUGH born to water the young otter shows a marked disfavour for it at the start and can be seen riding, somewhat fearfully, on the backs of either parent whilst (*Continued on page* 84)

By LORNA LEWIS

W. MACQUEEN-POPE in his fourth article on "Stage Door and Starshine" recalls the stars who lit the Edwardian nights with joy and gaiety

Edna May

Lovely Ladies and Handsome Men

by W. MACQUEEN-POPE

THOSE days of good King Edward VII, those Edwardian days and nights, were the heyday of musical comedy—of British musical comedy at that. For musical comedy, though born under Queen Victoria, flourished in its prime under Edward VII, who loved it and was Edwardian in a double sense—it was Edwardian and Edwardesian—for George Edwardes, one of the greatest men the theatre ever knew, was its inventor and its father in every sense of the word.

Though his headquarters were at Daly's and the Gaiety, the whole of London was his realm—indeed, the whole of the country, for his touring companies, the nursery of the stars, took his girls and their glamour to all the big cities. He did not confine himself to his own two theatres, he occupied as many of the others as he could. And one of them, a stone's throw from Leicester Square, was a great favourite of his. Its lessee was another famous man of the theatre—a country squire and sportsman who was also a King of Greasepaint, and whose name was Frank Curzon. He and George

Pauline Chase

Harriet Vernon

Fred Allandale and Billie Burke

Millie Legarde

Bertram Wallis

C. Hayden Coffin

Lawrence Rea

Maurice Farkoa

Edwardes often went into partnership and presented plays at the Prince of Wales'. Curzon understood musical comedy, too. He it was who had presented that record-breaker, *A Chinese Honeymoon*.

There was another link between these two great Edwardians—their love of racing. Curzon rode to hounds, Edwardes never did that. But both owned racehorses and won many big races—Curzon in his later years putting the crown on his career by winning the Derby with Call Boy. But they presented many prizes to the public in their time at the Prince of Wales'.

There is still a Prince of Wales' Theatre—but it is not that of the Edwardian days, although it stands on the same site. It is a handsome, efficient, modern building, yet for the old timers it lacks the charm of the older place. That was a theatre in the real sense of the word. It had a canopy which stretched across the pavement from which hung great baskets of flowers. It had a nice, intimate paved auditorium which nevertheless held plenty of money and it had a curious gallery with a kind of tiered stand on one side, like those things in greenhouses which support rows and rows of pots of geraniums or tomatoes. But you could see and hear—despite some pillars—and it had real atmosphere. Its stage door lay down a dark little passage, reached through an archway, as mysterious on a winter night in London as an alley in an Eastern town. But everyone knew that stage door.

IN that alley stood an obliging gentleman, during the day, who was ready to break the law for anyone interested in horse racing. He was a bookmaker's tout and well known to all. He spoke not, but he knew all his clients, as they knew him. Slips of paper passed into his hands as men went by, without stopping. Nothing was said. In the late afternoon he was there again—and the lucky ones would pass him by. There would be a rapid movement of hands as they pursued their way, and they passed on the richer by their winnings. The police never got him. Perhaps they did not try very hard.

On one occasion only he had a narrow squeak. He had to run for it. He ran across Leicester Square and took cover in the hot room of the Turkish baths. There he remained until the coast was clear. He came out nearly dead and greatly reduced in weight. But he was back on his job right away. It seemed a fitting pitch, for the men who did the plays inside were both owners of racehorses.

A CHARMING musical show, *The Schoolgirl*, was presented at the Prince of Wales' in 1903 which achieved a run of 338 performances, very handsome in those days. It was a George Edwardes production and it glittered with stars—stars established and stars to be. Marie Studholme and Edna May were the two leading ladies—they were the schoolgirls; very buxom schoolgirls, it is true, but with two people of such talent and charm, who cared about that. In their school uniforms of a slightly monastic cut (if that is the right word) in colour dove grey and light blue, they looked entrancing. Both of them had London at their feet.

Marie Studholme's blonde beauty and wonderful smile fluttered the hearts, and Edna May—well, had not this young lady, Edna May Pettie of America, come over here unheralded and unsung in a musical play regarded by all concerned, before production, as a certain flop (even by Edwardes himself who had turned it down unhesitatingly) which had opened at the Shaftesbury (*Continued on page* 74)

Its stage door lay down a dark little passage, reached through an archway as mysterious on a winter night in London as an alley in an Eastern town

FIVE MEN AND

By KATHLEEN WALLACE

The author of *Immortal Wheat* the successful novel about Charlotte Brontë writes of the romance which hovered about the tragic genius of Haworth and forever eluded her

WHEN Charlotte Brontë was at school—that happy school at Roe Head which was so blessed a contrast to the nightmare horrors of Cowan Bridge—forthright Polly Taylor told her that she and her family were "like potatoes growing in a cellar" and also that she was "very ugly." Neither of these bludgeoning schoolgirl remarks was true. But this outspoken vigorous girl, who was to be Charlotte's loyal friend for life, did touch brusquely on two elements which were to be determining factors in Charlotte's life.

Charlotte was plain. And she was morbidly, obsessingly, conscious of her plainness. She grew into a diminutive, dainty creature with copious and beautiful hair and a charm which certain people were to feel as potent as a spell, in spite of her agonizing shyness. But Charlotte never realized her own charm. And couldn't even trust her own hair . . . she is described as going to a London soirée wearing a false plait which was only too obviously "brown silk."

As for the potatoes in the cellar: there was far more light-hearted happiness in the Brontë home, before illness and death and the squalid tragedy of Branwell's degradation, left it desolate, than is generally realized. But no figure of enduring fame can ever have lived so remote, inaccessible and secluded an existence as Charlotte, except for her brief and shrinking ventures into London life when her fame was established. The bleak parsonage at the top of the precipitous black stone village of Haworth was like a boulder dropped in the immense desolation of the rolling moors. A small railway runs at the foot of the steep hill now but none did then. You trudged four miles across the moors to Keighley and then changed trains at Leeds for the outer world. And they were terribly poor, at the parsonage. There could be no possible dowry for any of the Brontë daughters. And in those times a girl's dowry, however modest, was almost essential to her expectation of getting married.

Yet in spite of these things, five men wanted to marry Charlotte.

First, Henry Nussey. He was in quest of a helpmeet for the mission-field. He was not a romantic lover. But he was a very handsome man, his sister, the lovely Ellen, was Charlotte's best-loved and closest friend, he was a clergyman, and Charlotte was a devoted churchwoman.

She refused him. And this is what she wrote to her beloved Ellen:

"I had not, and could not have, that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry, it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. . . . And if he were a clever man, and loved me, the whole world weighed in the balance against his smallest wish should be light as air." She adds with a little flourish of courage: "Ten to one, I shall never have the chance again; but n'importe."

She did a valiant thing in refusing this "chance." She had a fastidious horror of marriages of convenience, which was infinitely to her credit. And her groping sense of her own mental powers, as yet unrealized, breaks forth in that simple sentence "If he were a clever man. . . ."

ALL her life she was to crave the companionship of a man of equal brain and mind to her own. And never to find it. That deep-rooted need was to all but break her heart in a piteous, innocent passion for her Belgian tutor, Constantin Héger, a brilliant teacher but a staunch domestic figure, father of a family and much dismayed by his pupil's worship.

This haunting desire for a mind of masculine greatness is revealed by Charlotte in *Jane Eyre*, when Jane, refusing St. John Rivers, bursts out to his sister:

"And then . . . I can imagine the possibility of conceiving an inevitable, strange, torturing kind of love for him: because he is so talented: and there is often a certain heroic grandeur in his look, manner and conversation. In that case, my lot would become unspeakably wretched. He would not want me to love him."

Charlotte's second suitor is nameless, and goes down in the Brontë story on a healthy gale of amused laughter, no more. An impetuous Irish curate came to drink tea at the parsonage for the first time: fell flat before Charlotte's pixie charm: and sent a proposal of marriage next day . . . ! She took it for the preposterous thing which it undoubtedly was, entertained Ellen with the story, and that was that. But it never seems to have crossed her mind that, however irrational, it was a flattering tribute to her. . . .

A gulf, an abyss, of pain lies between the secluded life of Charlotte, daughter of the obscure moorland parsonage, and Charlotte, the famous writer, the shrinking little lady whose delightful publisher, George Smith, induced her to come to London now and then to endure, as best she could, being

CHARLOTTE

lionized. Between these two fantastically different lives lay the scalding humiliation and frustration of her feeling—call it what you will—for Monsieur Héger. And the long and terrible process of her brother's disintegration under drink and drugs, until death put an end to his wrecked life; and the death of both her sisters. Elizabeth Gaskell wrote of the "trials, close following in dread march through her household, sweeping the hearthstone bare of life and love."

Now, in the wider orbit to which Charlotte's work brought her, love was offered to her. George Smith, kind, charming, clever and debonair man of the world, fell in love with the shattered, sickly little genius whom he had discovered and introduced to *Continued on page 70)*

In the moorland parsonage at Haworth the possessions of the Brontës are preserved in their original setting. Here is the trunk which Charlotte took to Belgium with her and the horsehair sofa upon which Emily died. *(Photographed by Bill Brandt)*

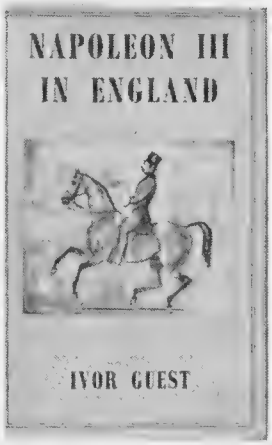
Books

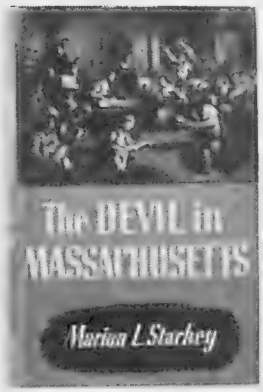
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

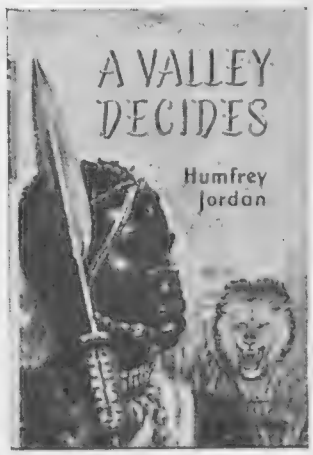
Elinor Lipper, spent eleven years in Soviet prison camps

Paul Gallico, author of "Trial by Terror"

Lilian Wyles, author of "A Woman at Scotland Yard"







WHAT an Aladdin's cave is an antique jeweller's shop! Think of the stories behind rare rings, cameos, watches, and other *objets d'art* and the people who covet them! Mosheh Oved is so full of this kind of lore that his random reminiscences, **"Visions and Jewels"** (Faber, 21s.), resemble the treasures he deals in. They are gems displayed haphazard in a glamorous setting, each with its touch of sentiment, passion, oriental fantasy. Even his friends reflect their magic.

Here, for example, is novelist Sholem Asch being shown two rings which "had tiny golden houses, each with a door and little windows in which love might dwell." And how wilily he kept coming back to plead, beg, weep, cajole—"I only want to save my soul. I want peace so that I may be able to finish my novel"—until one at least was his proud possession.

A poor Polish Jew who ran away to London to become a watchmaker's apprentice, eventually opened up his own business, lost all his stock in a burglary, and started again on a borrowed 25s., Mr. Oved writes now as a voluptuary of beautiful things and fascinating people. His book is as truly romantic as his collection of exquisite hearts which he describes so dotingly.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FASHION

DR. C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON is always illuminating on dress because he relates fashion changes to social background. After the "glamorous prudery and luxurious elegance" of the Edwardian epoch with its voluptuous curves, we had the hobble-skirt of the Suffragette days. In "the darkening twilight of Class Distinction" shadowy new forms pictured the shape of things to come: the short skirts of the post-1918 years of freedom, emancipation and licence, followed by a return to earlier conventions in the thirties. This may be repeated in the next few years, he suggests, for two forces mainly inspire fashion: the urge towards independence in times of security, and for protection in the presence of fear.

In a superb example of fine bookcraft, "English Women's Clothing in the Present Century" (Faber, 3½ gns.) he traces the changes year by year, illustrating them lavishly with three-colour plates and a mass of monochromes and drawings.

THE inexhaustible Naomi Jacob still has a little *Me* left for her fond readers. **"Robert, Nana and—Me"** (Hutchinson, 16s.) is, however, mostly about her volatile grandfather, who became Mayor of Ripon, and her clever, headstrong mother. What a card was Robert Collinson, with his whirlwind courtship of the charming Jenny Wilson! But there were other rarities in the family: his own grandfather who backed heavily a "cert" which won, and when he found that his wife had omitted to post the bet, calmly shot himself; his uncle Sam who went to Persia to look after the Shah's string of horses and returned with two eastern wives, to a virtuous mother's horror. This is a sterling family chronicle, but Miss Jacob's cockney dialect is as bad as her native Yorkshire is good.

BRUSSELS-BORN of German-Jewish parentage, Elinor Lipper went to Moscow in 1937, within two months was arrested on a trumped-up "counter-revolutionary" charge, and sent to Siberian forced-labour prisons, notably in the gold-mining Kolyma area. **"Eleven Years in Soviet Prison Camps"** (Hollis & Carter, 18s.) is a terrible revelation of the brutal life in them, and its moral impact on women. To read her indictment is to know why we have to impoverish ourselves to rearm at all costs against a menacing tyranny which would make the world one vast slave-state. "Though they may have brought it into being," she says of the Russian people, "they are now the helpless victims of a ruling caste whose arbitrariness they must endure in silence. They have not the slightest chance to control their rulers." Comrades, please note.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Her Ladyship's Secret

When a woman really wants money it seldom comes into the category of reasonable expenditure

By H. E. W. GAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD OSMOND

LORD STOURWELL had not yet made up his mind about the letters his wife had been receiving bearing a Cape Town postmark. He put the salver containing the fourth of them where she was bound to see it as she came in to dinner. There was something strange about these letters. Each of them had lit a radiance that had played about her lips and her eyes for days. And there had been a note of happiness in her voice that could be heard in everything she said. Vaguely he connected it with something like it he had noticed during the war when she had been running a canteen.

But he didn't plant the letter as one who sets a trap. He knew she was not in love with him and had never pretended to be from the time when he quite formally asked her to marry him. That had been quite clearly understood between them. He had wished to make her his wife because to him she was a part of the world of grace and elegance that he had set his eyes on and was determined to reach from the gutter in which he had been born.

But there was nothing of the snob or the fool about him. He was just one of the gifted ones who get born in the wrong bedroom, the fools fitting in naturally wherever they

LORD STOURWELL looked up. The laughter left Her Ladyship's face and her hand went to her throat

NEVER, he realized as he walked into the garden, had he felt as he felt now towards his wife. Why had she sold the original pearls?

are. Yet being at odds with the world in which he was born had its drawbacks. He had to fight to do and to be what those around him didn't care tuppence about. That he had an ear for the sound and the sense of the speech he heard beyond his alley was nature, not presumption, in him. But it had to be proved with torn coats and bloody noses. It was a world in which he learned to be alert, self-disciplined and hard.

TO secure what he wanted of life he knew he would have to be rich. He determined therefore to be rich, and he set about it by doing what he had seen others do, but doing it better and faster. Like some of those he had to fight he earned his first money as a boy on a barge. Unlike them he spent it and his leisure very differently. He was alert to turn in his favour everything that came his way. He undercut freights, he snatched tides, he jumped into dead men's shoes. And he gambled—shrewdly.

By thirty he had become accustomed to the respect of bank managers and his hands unaccustomed to ships' ropes. In another ten years, by buying for a song and selling for a fortune a ship that had sunk and been pronounced unsalvageable, he had stepped over the threshold into that world he had been determined to enter as a boy.

And no one ever laughed at him. He did nothing to make them. He never behaved like a parvenu because he never felt like one. The house he bought, the pictures he acquired, were never flaunted. He had a certain bearing towards such things—as though they symbolized an excellence that any person of discernment would acknowledge as a matter of course. So, too, he felt towards his wife.

The only other person dining with them was a Mr. Travers, a dealer whose opinion he wanted on some plate he'd picked up at a sale.

HIS eyes were on his wife as she entered with their guest. But he didn't look at her with indifference until she should see the letter. Whenever he saw her enter a room his gesture of rising was not wholly conventional. He did it spontaneously, as a man may remove his hat in the presence of something rare and beautiful.

Yet when he saw her face change he was reminded of what he had deliberately sacrificed in his life. To be in love with a woman had seemed nothing to him as a young man. With contemptuous arrogance he had resisted the attractions of the young women who alone would have been available to him in marriage. Now, as he looked at the smile hovering on his wife's lips, he felt suddenly bitter. He would have liked to tear that letter open and find out what it was that so transfigured her.

"Mr. Travers has been telling me," she said, "that the calceolarias are too firmly potted and that the 'Whistler' in the library needs cleaning."

Ordinarily she addressed him with a cold formality. But these words were spoken happily, lightly, like a

young girl in love. There was a just observeable wink in her eye that conveyed to him she had discovered that their guest was one of those people who delight in confounding the world with an expert opinion on everything.

"Mr. Travers's knowledge of facts is formidable, I assure you," he agreed, his eyes still on her face.

HE watched her playing with sincere enjoyment the part of charming hostess to a rather cute and knowallish little man who by temperament, he felt sure, was utterly uncongenial. Yet she was not making fun of him. She was playing, and he was obviously enjoying, a delightful leg-pulling game. Her eyes danced and sparkled with merriment and the desire unaffectedly to please. It was as though her happiness was too great to be kept to herself and she had to share it with whoever happened to be by.

Mr. Travers offered a bet that, blindfolded, he would taste a glass of wine, say what it was, and give the vintage within five years. She seemed genuinely concerned that he shouldn't fail. He didn't. He got it exactly right. And she clapped her hands with joy.

Watching her, it seemed to him there was something very touching about her happiness. Its source was so precarious, and in a little while it would be gone. It softened for a moment the bitterness he felt towards her.

"I'm glad to observe," Mr. Travers was saying, making a still bolder bid for applause, "that your Ladyship adopts the admirably prudential custom of wearing imitation pearls while the genuine ones repose, no doubt, in the vaults of your bank."

LORD STOURWELL looked up. The laughter left her Ladyship's face and her hand went to her throat. Mr. Travers, on one of the rare occasions of his life, was struck dumb by the effect of his words. And the clock began to tick very loudly—on and on and on.

Abruptly, speaking to neither of them, but firing the question like (*Continued on page* 60)

SHE placed her hand on the box and was about to open it. "Don't." The word was as peremptory as the motion of his hand to her wrist

LOOKING calmly at her daughter's red, solid face, Elizabeth decided that she was rather ridiculous in her present posture. A woman of thirty-eight ought to know better than to start carrying on like an adolescent girl

Illustrations by
Frank Lea

The Vandal

Even a family dilemma can have its humorous side

By ALISTAIR MacCRAE

GREGORY came early that morning. He did that on purpose, so that he would arrive at the house before the newspaper was delivered. There was a copy of the paper carefully folded, in his pocket, hiding the black headlines which screamed about the "vandalism perpetrated on the memory of one of our most distinguished citizens."

Up in her bedroom Elizabeth lay still for a moment, listening to the sounds of her son's arrival. To her the noises he made were as identifying as a thumb print; they told her who her visitor was, and they told her about the state of his mind. There was something peculiarly venomous about the way he accelerated the car engine after he had stopped, as though he wanted to invade the quiet old house with the urgency of his arrival. The slamming of the car door was like a vicious punch to the face of the new morning, and there was a restrained and terrible fury about the way he put his finger on the bell push and held it there till someone would answer.

Through the open window she could hear his feet stamping heavily on the thin rubber mat, and like an approaching tide came old Elspeth's slithering slippers and grumbling voice, making the familiar journey from her kitchen to the front door.

SOMEWHERE in the heart of the town a clock was striking eight, and she waited till the last note before she rose and reached for her dressing-gown. With one hand she tidied her hair while the other one pulled bedroom slippers over her cold feet. Opening her door she stepped out on the landing, just as Gregory shouted to Elspeth: "Tell my mother I'm here." She reflected that to men of Gregory's nature, old age was inseparable from infirmity, and it had become fixed in his mind that Elspeth was deaf . . . or, if she wasn't she ought to be.

By the time she had thought that, her son had brushed past the old woman and gone into the morning room, where she could imagine him walking up and down, muttering to his feet, with his hands clasped behind his back. To save Elspeth climbing the stairs she called over the banister that she was coming, and the old woman shuffled along to her kitchen with a look of flustered disapproval on her wrinkled face.

AS soon as she appeared in the morning room, he hurried forward to say "Good morning," and to brush her cheek rapidly with his cold lips, before resuming his endless pacing up and down. Elizabeth shivered and switched on the electric radiator, noticing as she did so that the blue veins ran in high ridges over the back of her hand. It was the first time she had really noticed the veins as if they were something apart from herself, and it was like a finger laid down firmly on a forgotten fact.

"I'm sixty-three," she said to herself, and slowly straightened her back to face Gregory, wondering if she should speak first or wait for him. There was a sudden cold little alarm in her heart when she noticed that her head only came to Gregory's shoulder. That was another thing that had never struck her before, and she tried to blame the slippers for it. She ought to have kept him waiting while she put on her stockings and high-heeled shoes.

For a moment Gregory had been at her side, but now he moved away and took up a position on the hearthrug, his long legs straddling the place in front of the fire. "Just like his father," she thought. "And he has the same irritating way of pursing his lips before starting to speak."

He regarded her silently for another brooding moment, and then: "Sit down, Mother," he said abruptly, in a voice as flat and rough as a file. "What I am going to say might be rather a shock to you. Would you care for some brandy?"

She sat quietly on the edge of the chair, feeling suddenly small and lonely before this monster of mysterious rage who was her son.

"Not before breakfast," she said in a voice as flat and emotionless as his. "What you have to say must be very bad if I'm going to need stimulants with it." She fought back an impulsive urge to laugh at him, so large and dark and grotesquely serious with his great legs splayed out and his heavy brows falling like curtains over his eyes.

BEFORE he spoke again he left the fireplace abruptly and walked up and down again, his hands behind his back, the fingers lacing and unlacing. She watched this performance with a sort of

hypnotic fear till one hand became a hard ball cupped in the other. And she recognized that as the signal that he was about to speak again.

"It isn't easy," Gregory burst out suddenly. "I just hate to be the one to tell you, but it will come better from me than from the newspapers."

Elizabeth stared at him with wide, intent eyes, but still she said nothing. She shivered again, and seemed to shrink a little further into her dressing-gown. When at last she did speak, her voice was small and edged round with a tremulous irritability.

"For heaven's sake, Gregory, what are you talking about. What is it you are trying to say? Do stop treating me as if I were a sick child, and tell me straight out. Is Muriel ill, or what?"

SHE stared at that one feather for a long time, and then she started to laugh and after a while she found she could not stop laughing

"No," he said. "This has nothing to do with Muriel. It's . . . it's about father's monument." She saw his hands clenching now till the sinews stood out white and the knuckles under the taut skin made them an ugly cruel shape. "Somebody. . . . Some vandal . . . has. . . ."

BEFORE he could finish what he was going to say the door-bell rang, boring shrilly into the silence. They took their eyes away from one another and listened to old Elspeth's feet slithering through the hall, and her voice grumbling to herself as she went.

The door opened and closed, and there was a long moment filled with the dry rustle of frantic whispering, before the door to the morning room was flung wide and Cambria came in. Cambria, as always, seemed to fill the room, her loud, triumphant colouring and the penetrating smell of her perfume doing instant battle with the quiet things of Elizabeth's life. Her rather protruding eyes darted from one to the other, adding and subtracting frantically before she rushed across the room to kneel beside her mother.

"Oh! He's told you. Oh, poor, dear Mother!"

Looking calmly at her daughter's red, solid face, Elizabeth decided that she was rather ridiculous in her present posture. A woman of thirty-eight ought to know better than start carrying on like an adolescent girl. Good heavens, she would be calling her "Mummy" next. At the same time she wondered how she had ever come to produce so plain a child as this.

"I am afraid I don't understand you, Cambria," she said in a cold little ice-cube voice. (*Continued on page* 64)

Anthony Devas

Anthony Devas

Lulu Jacobson

Child Portraiture

AMONG the most fascinating of family portraits are the younger generation ones. Pictures of grandmother when she was twelve or great-uncle at the age of six have a reality and a sense of personality often apparent again in their descendants, for it *is* a fact that no photograph, however good, gives that glimpse of the spirit which a good artist can capture.

This is why, though few of us can rise to the fees of the more prominent artists, more and more people are employing artists to paint or draw their children.

It is a pleasant thought that this fashion which has for so long suffered an eclipse, is returning again. There can be no doubt of it for the wide interest being shown in exhibitions of contemporary child portraiture over the country is proof enough.

There are few parents who would not wish to have their children painted but the question of cost is for most the deciding factor. What you pay is a matter of individual circumstances and taste but it may not be generally understood that though one must think in terms of hundreds for the most famous names, fifty guineas will cover some of the best-known contemporary artists of the day like Lawrence, Lamb or Anthony Devas (two of whose delightful pictures are reproduced above) while there are a number of portraitists who for twelve to fifteen guineas make delightful drawings or chalk sketches which often catch the personality of the child more effectively than the camera.

Naturally, one has one's personal preferences as to style and treatment, but again, the many exhibitions which are held will give a clue to the styles of the innumerable artists now accepting commissions on a moderate basis of cost.

Most child portraitists agree that four years old is the earliest age at which one can expect a child to sit for a picture. Six to ten years old is better still.

"At this age," says Anthony Devas, who is himself a father, "your sitter is open to bribery." Some parents have been known to disapprove when the bribe takes the form of a couple of white mice, but the artist's point is that "a child will do anything for such a gift where a money bribe will leave him cold."

Lulu Jacobson

THE aim of a good artist is to capture something more than a likeness. It is the essential personality of the child which he aims to ensnare. Frequently the artist's eye will see something of which even the parents are unaware and which, when the finished portrait confronts them, gives it a sense of the unfamiliar not always at first entirely pleasing to them.

Most artists require three sittings for a head. A few ask for more, some for less.

One of the less-noted women portrait artists specializing in child subjects, prefers to confine her preparatory work to small sketches of the head. Sometimes she works in the child's own home if there is some good reason for it, more often she likes to have the sitter in her studio and to have him alone.

Away from their mothers she finds the young sitters often more relaxed and more co-operative. Little girls she says are interested in the progress of the picture, and especially intrigued with their appearance. Small boys respond best to twenty-minute intervals of play with her own four sons during which time she works from memory.

TO the uninitiated, commissioning a portrait is rather like taking a leap in the dark. How can you be sure that the artist will not follow his own fancy and produce something pleasing only to himself. You can't be absolutely sure, but it is possible to select an artist whose work after careful inspection is generally pleasing to your own taste. If one wanted a realistic, photographic portrait of a child one would not go to Augustus John for instance, even if cost was no consideration, but even at a less exalted artistic level the artist will depict what *he* sees rather than what you see of the child, though this is not necessarily cause for criticism but perhaps proof that there are facets of the child's personality which the parents are too close to him to observe.

MURIEL SEGAL

COUNTRY LIFE

CHILDREN are born explorers and when the need to find an outlet to the free and simple pleasures of the open are greatest their talent for exploration is at its best.

Judged at its face value London's city must seem a desert of stone and steel thundering with traffic, ponderous with industry and far removed from rural pastimes, but Nature's call is loudest for the very young, and London's children know well how to burst their cages and find the natural oases which the most unpredictable of cities provides.

Are there not sheep grazing all summer in parks which few other cities in the world can rival? Are there not waterfowl to feed and grow acquainted with only a stones-throw from Piccadilly; red and fallow deer at Richmond; pigeons in the crowded squares; swans gliding in stately unconcern down the placid river?

IN the country children make their animal acquaintances in the fields and farmyards but London's children have sharp eyes for the animal life which flourishes in places where only the town-bred youngster would expect to find it. A chief delight for them is among the horses which still frequent the city streets, and the lump of sugar for the coalman's gentle brown carthorse, or or the milkman's pony (which still occasionally survives the electrically propelled float) is a daily ritual in many districts. The Shetland pony which pulls the painted cart of the plant and flower man has his young familiars in every street.

Picking wild flowers is hardly a pastime of city children, yet Londoners may be astonished to learn in a recent survey it was disclosed that 126 varieties of plants and ferns were found growing among the blitzed ruins of Central London; but where many adults have been unaware of the beauty in their midst, many are the forays which have taken place in school holidays with young explorers returning triumphantly loaded with armfuls of red and white campion, toadflax, poppies and willow herb.

In St. James's Park, Mr. Hinton, who has watched over the waterfowl there for more than fifty years, occasionally finds time to take a party of children with him on his rounds of the park. Here among his charges are moorhen, mallard, sheldrakes, coots, pintail, teal and wigeon, not to speak of the famous pelicans.

MR. HINTON thinks it not unlikely that some of the latter birds may be descendants of the wildfowl introduced by Charles II who first introduced the bird sanctuary there. John Evelyn gives an account in 1665 of a strange new bird presented to the king by the Russian Ambassador. "A fowle between a stork and a swan," he exclaims in wonder, this "melancholy water-fowle" being the first pelican to be kept in the park. The St. James's Park birds are sustained with fish and grain fed to them by Mr. Hinton, but a heavy proportion of their diet is also provided by the bread and picnic scraps thrown to them by an admiring public.

BUT a more exciting pastime is in feeding the gulls which come foraging down the river from the great reservoirs in the Thames Valley which are their roosting grounds. Swooping and swerving in frenzied circles, their wings flashing white and their shrill screeching rising above the din of traffic, it is exhilarating to see them snatch up the flung bread in mid-air with the pirate

IN LONDON

skuas sweeping down to rob the black-headed gulls on the wing.

Scattering grain for the pigeon colonies of St. Paul's and Trafalgar Square, is tamer sport by comparison yet it is an endless source of pleasure to the young and many of their elders.

It is strange to reflect that these birds, originally escapees from domestic dovecotes, have so adapted themselves to city life that they would continue to thrive were there not a single tree or blade of grass left in London. They roost and nest high above the rumble of the city, and the most noble man-made monuments and buildings are, to them, merely convenient cliff-faces, splendidly equipped with niches and ledges for their use, while the litter of the streets is their provender.

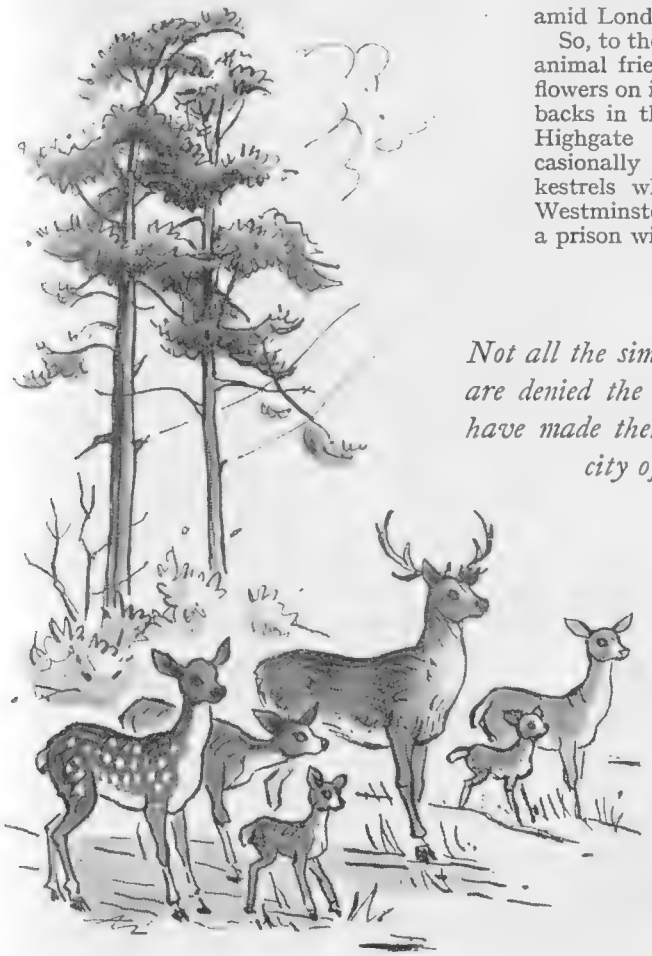
ANOTHER phenomenon of the city is the vast concourse of starlings that assemble shrilly twittering in Trafalgar Square at dusk. These birds fly in from points as distant as twelve miles from central London to roost on their chosen buildings in the heart of the city. The two favourite centres being Trafalgar Square and the Royal Exchange, about a mile east. The extraordinary fascination of the city as a roosting place when there are inviting open spaces, even heavily wooded ones, as near as Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest and Richmond Park,' remains one of Nature's secrets.

IN Henry VIII's time, London was famous for its great multitude of swans and even to-day, though roast swan is no longer a feature of the banquet table, as many as one hundred birds at a time can be seen gathered on the river between Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick Eyot. Ownership of the Thames swans is claimed by the Crown and the Vintners and Dyers Companies and an annual "swan-upping" is held to mark and identify the young birds.

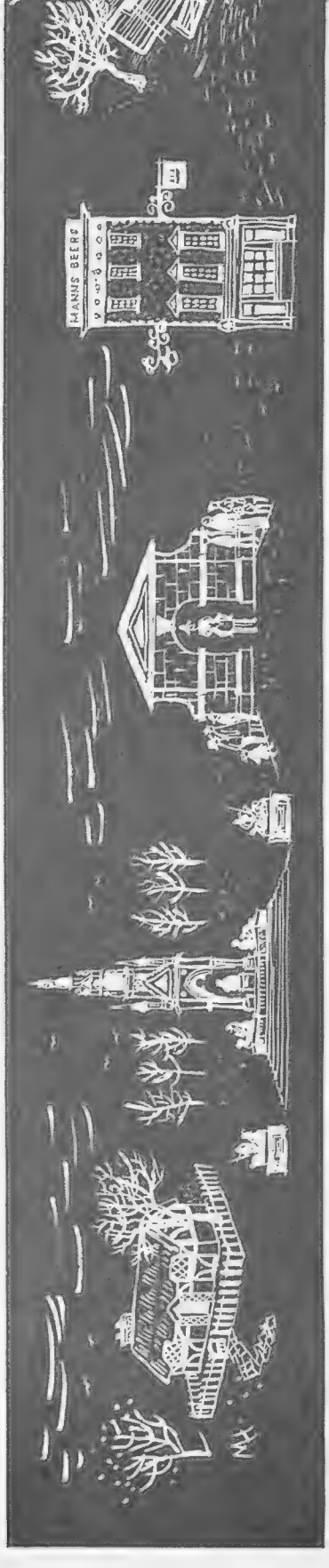
The pleasant prospect seen through the railings of Park Lane and Piccadilly of sheep quietly grazing is made possible by the London County Council's leasing out pasture rights in the parks to farmers. Improbable as it may seem, flocks of sheep have been sent by train from as far away as Scotland to fatten amid London's smoke.

So, to the London child who can make animal friends in its park; gather wild flowers on its blitzed sites; catch sticklebacks in the ponds of Hampstead and Highgate (where foxes are still occasionally shot) or feed bread to the kestrels which nest in the towers of Westminster Abbey, the city is at least a prison without bars.

NADRIA COCKSHUT



Not all the simple pleasures of the open are denied the children of London who have made their own countryside in the city of stone and steel



I Choose England

BY PAMELA FRY

WHEN I arrived in England, I was divided between anticipation and something close to apprehension. Because I was returning, after twenty years in Canada, to the land of my childhood, and I wasn't at all sure what I'd find.

I knew what even my most rational friends had told me. It rained all the time, of course, and one froze during the winter. There was nothing, but nothing, in the shops. Everyone was poor, undernourished and very, very depressed.

In opposition I could only muster my own cosy memories of an English childhood, the gingerbread splendour of the Albert Memorial, hot crumpets for tea. And something else; a sense of being at ease with oneself and the world. . . . But this was much too hard to define to be convincing evidence, even for myself.

Now, nearly two years later, I feel pleasantly smug. I have adjusted to the world of austerity and I have rediscovered the world of my childhood. I like being in England. I like the fact that people always have time for you, even bus conductors and policemen. I like going for a drive and watching the scenery instead of the speedometer—(of course if you rushed at the same rate along English roads as you do along Canadian highways, you'd get nowhere excepting into the sea).

BUT let's get down to the bones of discussing a few of the obvious and not-so-obvious differences between life in England and in North America.

Of course, Canadian and/or American fallacies regarding England are no less strange than the English picture of life in North America. With due allowance for poetic licence, the latter goes something like this. Everyone in Canada and the States has a modern flat, a car and an abundance of electrical appliances and steaks. If the streets aren't exactly paved with gold, the dollar is certainly a much more accessible (and stable) commodity than the pound.

Thus runs the legend. Well, Canada is certainly young, vigorous and one of the richest countries in the world. Its psychological outlook is about halfway between that of England and America. America *is* the richest country in the world. But people tend to forget that the shanty town is as integral a part of the North American scene as the skyscraper. In general, incomes are higher, but this must be balanced against the fact that my English food bills are just about half what they were in Canada. The height of the cost of living in relation to income is a phenomenon which exists both sides of the Atlantic.

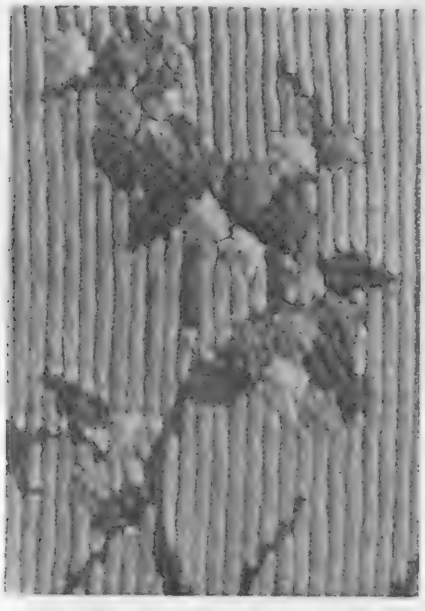
Canada also has a serious housing shortage, which is the result of a long-term lack of planning for the steady increase in population. All building is in the hands of private enterprise and building costs are very high. When I left, a low rent for a four-room unfurnished flat in Montreal or Toronto was around £20 a month. Of course rents do tend to be lower in western Canada than in the more heavily populated east.

THE question of heat or the lack of it is rather a delicate subject, since English people tend to regard blue and shivering newcomers with a certain degree of contempt. But I am already becoming positively English in my stoic indifference to cold. And I love open fires, even though they are obviously (*Continued on page 72*)

SUMMER SPREADS

Lyric colours and designs have lifted the cotton bedcover from its humble status and made it an aristocrat of the bedroom

A pink and green design sprays over the plushlike white ground of a candlewick spread. £17 18s. 6d. single. £19 15s. double. (Maples)



A Vantona Court spread in Pacific blue, coral, lime or honey. £4 17s. 6d. single, £5 17s. 6d. double

Oriental colouring on cream. Indian Village design on printed cotton. 36s. 6d. single, 45s. 8d. double. (Libertys)

COTTON has come up in the world since the days when a honeycomb quilt was for the maid's room only. New textures and weaves, subtle colours in fast dyes give modern cotton bedspreads all the elegance of more sophisticated materials.

A typical example is the cover above. Made from pure cotton and woven from vat dyed yarn the design is an integral part of the cloth. These covers therefore create no problem in laundering and will not lose the beauty of their tones.

Candlewick is probably one of the most luxurious looking varieties of cotton with its soft plushy texture. Candlewick takes dye well, and the range of rich and subtle shades in which these bedspreads appear is infinite. Flower motifs in the softest blossom tones spray across white or pastel ribbed backgrounds. Another gives the impression of patchwork, with the direction of the tufting changing with every change of colour from pinky beige, through muted apricot to velvety black. Luxurious though they appear, they are washable.

Remarkable for their inexpensiveness, gay and colourful are the hand blocked Indian cotton bedspreads. The colours are sprightly and beautifully harmonized. A design called "Indian Village" covers the local domestic scene from architecture to tilling, and follows the hunter into the jungle in pursuit of lion and elephant. Another based on the tree of life has a deep border richly decorated with birds of paradise.

Beauty

by

Chrysis

If you wish to have more details of any beauty preparation mentioned in this article, or if you have a beauty problem about which you would like advice, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

Elegant Thirties

The Elements of Grooming

Everyone knows that the art of grooming lies in an infinite care of detail. Hair, face, figure and clothes must be immaculate if the desired effect is to be achieved. The aim is the same for every woman, but the means differ in detail from one age group to another. This is an attempt to solve some of the practical problems which face every woman who aspires to good grooming

GROOMING spells chic for the late twenties and thirties. It takes account of the style of the hair, the set of the clothes, the perfection of make-up and the aptness of accessory—and it means them all, all at once, all the time.

Hair, more than any other, sets the standard of grooming. The suave head must be achieved even if it means recourse to tricks. Tailored cutting which styles the hair to fit the head is one. Invisible hairnet lacquer is another. This is a perfect, yet invisible, fixative for naturally fine or unmanageable hair.

If art adds anything to the natural hair colouring, it must be perfectly done or not at all. There is never a dark parting on the well-groomed fair or auburn head, because a special hair colour can be applied to disguise it. Another hair preparation adds highlights to lack-lustre hair, a copper sheen or a dramatic silver streak to a brunette head, gold to the fair, misty pink or lilac to the white head. The cleverness of these preparations is that the colour can be brushed out when no longer required.

The perfect fit of clothes is essential to groom-lining and this is as much a matter of figure control as of clever dressmaking. Figure control is only partly a matter of foundation garments, the rest is exercise and wise dieting.

The heavier make-up that women in their thirties often choose, or have need to wear, must be perfectly applied and guaranteed to stay so in wear. A lipstick fixative will preserve the lip outlines perfectly, and a really waterproof mascara will keep eyelashes unsmudged.

Complexions must be more than cared for, they must, and can, be perfect. Sallow skins can be lightened with a special white mask, coarsened skins can be refined with pore lotion, dry skins can be mollified with tissue cream, oily skins braced with special astringent. Summer grooming brings with it its special problems of deodorant and depilation, but the lotion anti-perspirant and the clever hair eraser stone described for the younger set will serve all equally.

For the woman of thirty, grooming adds up to line plus colour. A neat, suave silhouette, though important, is not enough. Colour handling of clothes, accessories, make-up and hair tint constitute the art of grooming.

SO many problems of grooming beset the youngster that often she does not know where to begin, and finishes up a non-starter. Actually all rules for the teens and twenties can be summed up in the triad—crisp, neat and healthy. That goes for face, figure and fashion.

Health is the keynote for hair. Whether short or long, curled or straight—and all can be trim in the right type—hair must be as healthy and sheeny as a babe's. Greasy, lank locks can be corrected—there is a special lotion just for that. Dry, wiry hair can be tamed: there is a treatment for that, too. A well-cared-for head is synonymous with the well-groomed head on young shoulders.

As far as complexions are concerned, the aim for the youngster should be set no higher than a smooth, blemish-free skin. For the perfect young skin no more is required than the simple basic routine of cleanse-protect which will keep it that way. For the unfortunate sufferers of acne, complexion grooming is a more onerous task. But it can be done with determination and a special treatment.

The crisp, attractive clothes which are the delight of the modern teen-ager are made for neat, if rounded, figures. Healthy diet and exercise will keep young muscles in trim, and special exercises will pare away inches where they are not required.

The youngster has her own set of personal problems which must be looked to if she is to be well groomed. Bare, sun-kissed legs in gay sandals must, for instance, be smooth and free from hair. This can quickly and simply be dealt with by a new eraser "stoen" which has just been reintroduced. This is a dainty pink block which will remove hair from legs, arms and face without irritation or redness. It will last a full season and costs 11s. 8d.

Personal daintiness is taken for granted as a basic element of grooming but a new lotion deodorant and anti-perspirant turns the whole business into a two-minute routine.

As for the etceteras, make-up should enhance the qualities of youth and not mask them. Grooming for the teens and early twenties is a matter of gaiety and naturalness, in person and in personality.

THE woman over forty who aspires to perfect grooming is well advised to make periodic visits to a beauty salon which, like Helena Rubinstein, specialises in the problems of the older woman. Maintaining the silhouette, controlling the facial contours, preserving youthfulness of complexion and keeping a well-dressed head upon one's shoulders—all elements which go to make a well-groomed appearance—need professional assistance.

Hair which is beginning to turn grey must be well shaped and becomingly and neatly styled, for the casual hair-do which younger women can wear tends to look untidy worn by older women. The tailored hair-cut is the practical solution to the problem, as it ensures that the hair is well shaped and is easy to maintain between visits to the hairdresser's—a consideration which will appeal to women out of town.

A well-cared-for complexion is an essential to grooming for the mature woman. The complexion may be lined, but it must never look parched and neglected. Here again occasional professional treatments will help to preserve the muscular tone and keep the skin young and supple. The expert, too, can spot trouble before it actually becomes a menace and prescribe a home treatment for it. It may be an estrogenic oil to restore the skin's elasticity, a special night cream to soothe away lines, or a herbal mask to lift and smooth the contours.

The older woman's clothes will be as elegant as her figure. A perfect foundation she must have, of course, but there is an element of physical ease in good grooming which comes from the lithe, supple figure and not solely from clever corsetry. In this, suppling exercises and a reasonably well-balanced diet play an important part in keeping up appearances as well as maintaining health.

Foot comfort is never so important as it is now, for aching feet can destroy mental and physical poise. Regular pedicure at home, with occasional professional foot massage, will add enormously to the feeling of top-to-toe elegance.

As for make-up, it must give warmth, rather than add colour, flatter rather than improve. Grooming for the woman over forty lies in presenting herself as herself—at her best.

SCHEMING

A furnishing colour-scheme built around the fabric, one for a room with a dark, be in harmony with itself. Where the colours are based on them can be subtle and unusual. Here

A FLORAL fabric such as the one on the left, is a charming choice for cottage bedroom or period sitting-room. It is a utility cretonne, 31 ins. wide at about 9s. 3d. a yard. The design of white ribbons and bows and pink and green rose sprays is obtainable on blue, pink or natural grounds.

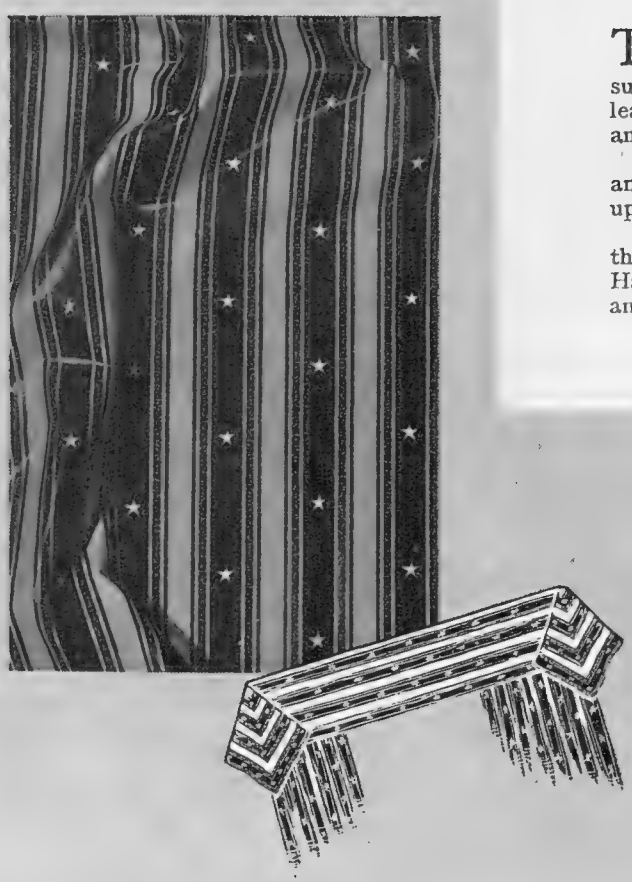
A room with a north or east aspect needs a warm toned colour scheme, so the pink ground fabric is the best. With this have walls and paintwork pale lavender, and use green and purple in accents.

The blue ground would be cool and crisp in a sunny room, with pastel pink walls and paintwork and accents of green and deep rose. The sketch shows an attractive treatment for a stiffened pelmet in this fabric, trimmed with the contrasting colour.

SUITABLE for both modern and period rooms is the striped glazed chintz below left. The stars and stripes are white on tomato, wine, mustard-yellow, bottle-green, or turquoise grounds. It is a utility fabric, 50 ins. wide, at about 13s. 6d. a yard.

In a north room, choose the fabric with wine-red ground, have walls and paintwork in Adam green and use sharp pink for accents.

For a sunny room, base an unusual colour scheme on the mustard-yellow fabric. Where the light is good, pearl grey for walls and paintwork makes a perfect team with mustard-yellow, with claret used in accents. A pelmet with mitred, folded corners, as shown in the sketch, is particularly suitable for this rather formal type of window treatment.



THE graceful aquatic cretonne below is a 50-in.-wide utility fabric at about 23s. a yard. It is in a range of very subtle colourings, including one with blue and dark-green leafage and brown and fawn fish on a yellow-green ground, and green, grey-brown, blue and white on a pale blue ground.

For the dark or sunless room, choose the pale-blue ground and have walls and paintwork clear luminous yellow. Match up the green in the fabric for accents in trimmings and cushions.

Use the yellow-green ground fabric in a sunny room, where the natural light will bring out the subtlety of the colouring. Have walls and paintwork white, with dashes of scarlet here and there in trimmings.

IN FABRICS

curtaining fabric ensures that the whole room will as good as in these Rosebank fabrics, the schemes are two colour schemes worked out for each north aspect, the other for a sunny room.

THE delicate sprig and spot fabric, right, is a Cubaleen 50 ins. wide, at about 21s. 6d. a yard. The design is in natural flower colourings on pink, blue, green and burnt pink grounds.

For a north room, burnt pink makes the basis of an unusual and attractive colour scheme. This colour is somewhere between salmon pink and terracotta. Walls and paintwork should be matched exactly to this shade, with nigger-brown and yellow used in sharp accents.

In a sunny room, use the green fabric with white spotted wallpaper, white paint, and accents of rose and dark green. This type of fabric lends itself to a draped or swagged pelmet treatment, such as the one sketched.

FOR a modern or period décor, the deer and tree fabric on the right would be equally suitable. This is a Cubaleen with a white motif on rust, wine, clear green, cherry or Italian blue, ground. It is 36 ins. wide and approximately 15s. 6d. a yard.

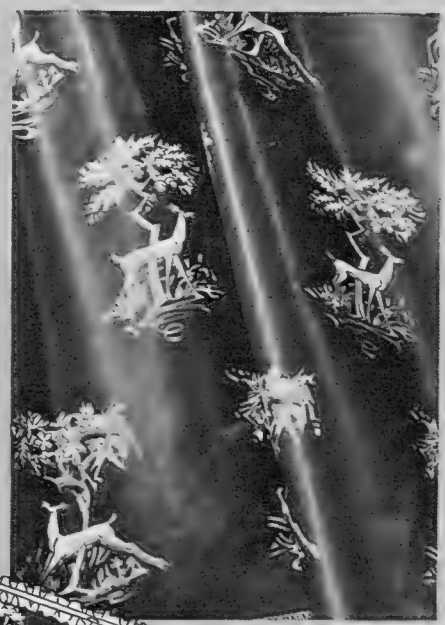
Cherry-red would cheer and brighten a dull north room. Carry out the white in the fabric design with white walls and paintwork, and with this Mediterranean sky blue would make an effective contrast.

Wine fabric, pale turquoise walls and paintwork, and accents of heliotrope would make a rich harmony of colour for a sunny room. A stiffened pelmet could make effective use of the delicate motif on this fabric. The one sketched is shaped and trimmed with crisp white ruching.

DELICATE grouping of shell motifs makes the glazed chintz below a restful and charming fabric for bedroom or small sitting-room. The colourings are soft and subtle, with graded pinks, butter-yellow and blue-green on a sea-green, dusty pink or natural ground. The fabric is 31 ins. wide and approximately 8s. 9d. a yard.

In a sunny room, use the dusty pink ground fabric as the basis for a colour scheme. Walls and paintwork should be exactly matched to the pink, or a shade or two paler. Details should be in the butter-yellow and blue-green of the fabric.

Choose the sea-green ground for a sunless room with butter-yellow for walls and woodwork, and blue-green for details here and there.



Black and white gingham with a flaring skirt and a moulded bodice has a black dupion duster coat with matched gingham collar and cuffs. *Susan Small.*

A bolero converts a sun-back Paisley design cotton to formal use. In white on wine, bottle on navy or lemon on grey. *Slimuette.*

Giant marguerites on a sky-blue ground. The bolero of this sleeveless cotton dress ties under the bust line. *Horrockses.*

Cotton For All Occasions

A matching scarf and bolero make an ensemble with the fine cotton tartan by *Linzi* worn here by film-star Mai Zetterling. Matita's formal white pique (right) has bobble lace braid and black buttons.

1

6

BACHELOR HOME

THE term "bachelor flat" was once synonymous with discomfort and that particular brand of casual improvisation associated with masculine unmarrieds. Women looked upon their austerity with pity and on their lack of decorative inspiration with tolerance. To-day the "helpless" bachelor is rapidly disappearing and his successor confounds us with efficiency and challenges our initiative in the domestic sphere we call our own.

As being typical of such masculine progress we show this charming and comfortable small flat in Hampstead, the property of Mr. John Cole, whose first experiment in home-making it is and who finds time and enthusiasm enough to combine a busy professional career with a taste for home-making.

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1. One wall of the sitting-room is papered with dark green broadly striped with cream.

2. Another aspect of the sitting-room, showing plain cream-washed walls, the dining table, and sunny windows screened with dark green curtains and cream Venetian blinds.

3. The narrow entrance hall is sheer white except at one end, where it is papered with dark green lightly patterned with white.

4. Delicate white trellis on a dark green ground papers the smallest room continuing the colour schemes begun in the hall.

5. A cupboard door was removed to make a bedhead lined with black gold-spotted paper.

6. A slip room becomes a study in neo-Victorian decoration where guests are entertained while the meal is cleared in the sitting-cum-dining-room.

7. Another aspect of the bedroom with a commodious bookshelf and the bedcover in canary yellow and black candlewick.

8. One wall of the immaculate kitchen is papered with a "gingham" check in pink and blue. Walls and woodwork are white.

White for Tennis

THIS lumber jacket has been designed with a close-woven stitch which will not sag and stretch in wear. Abbreviations for the stitch are used in the instructions. Twist B means miss the first stitch and knit into the back of the second, but do not slip off the needle. Knit the missed stitch, slipping both the stitches off the needle at the same time. Twist F/P means miss the first stitch and purl into the front of the next stitch, purl the missed stitch and slip both stitches off the needle together.

Lumber Jacket.

THE BACK

Using No. 13 pins, cast on 120 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins.

Next row (wrong side of work).—(P. 1, inc.) 25 times, inc. in each of the next 20 sts. (p. 1, inc.) 25 times (190 sts.). Change to No. 10 pins and patt. thus:

1st row.—Work Twist B (see above) over each pair of sts. to end of row.

2nd row.—P. 1 (work Twist F/P (see above) over each pair of sts.) to last st. P. 1. Cont. in patt, as on the last 2 rows until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 10 rows (150 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 21½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 pins, cast on 60 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins.

Next row (wrong side of work).—(P. 1, inc.) 24 times, inc. in each of the next 12 sts. (96 sts.). Change to No. 10 pins and cont. straight in patt. until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armhole by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at seam edge, and dec. at the same edge on the next 10 rows (76 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 20 sts. at beg. of next row starting at front edge, and dec. at the same edge on the next 6 rows (50 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 21½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows starting at armhole edge.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work exactly as for Right Front, but reversing all shaping.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 13 pins, cast on 70 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins.

Next row (wrong side of work).—(P. 1, inc.) 34 times, (inc.) twice. (106 sts.). Change to No. 10 pins. Cont. in patt. inc. at each end of every 6th row 20 times (146 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until sts. are reduced to 126. Now dec. at each end of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

THE COLLAR

Join both shoulders. Now using No. 13 pins and holding wrong side of work towards you, pick up and k. 90 sts. round neck. Inc. in every st. on the next row. Cont. in k. 1, p. 1, rib inc. at each end of every 4th row until collar measures 3 ins. in depth. Change to No. 10 pins for 2 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Join side seams and insert sleeves. Insert zip fastener down front.

THE materials required to knit this lumber jacket are 12 ozs. Sirdar 3-ply Majestic wool, one pair of No. 10 and one pair No. 13 knitting needles and a 20-in. zip-fastener, open at each end. The length from shoulder is 22 ins., the width all round at underarm 38 to 40 ins., and the sleeve seam 19 ins., worked at a tension of 10 stitches to 1 in. measured over the pattern worked with No. 10 needles.

Starred for Summer

This is a particularly easy-to-knit pattern. It is worked entirely in a simple twisted rib and instructions are of the shortest. The original was worked in white, with an emerald green yoke, the colour contrast dramatizing the unusual neckline. Alternatively, it would be attractive worked in two tones of one colour, for instance, dark and light grey or lime and mid green. The directions given are for size 34-in. bust. If a larger or smaller size is required, there is, on page 55, an article on the principles of adapting knitting patterns to required measurements

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 126 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 twisted rib, by working into the backs of the k. st. and into the fronts of the p. st. for 3 ins.

Change to No. 9 needles, and continue rib, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 136 sts.

Work straight until there are 12 ins. from casting-on.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts.

SHAPE FOR NECK

Work 40 sts. and slip them on to stitch-holder.

Cast off 24, work 40.

Continue on these 40 sts. and k. 2 tog. at centre edge of every row until there are no sts. left. Work other shoulder to match, with shaping at centre edge to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

Both sleeves are worked alike.

With white wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 40 sts. Working in twisted rib, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. Work straight for 3½ ins. Cast off.

THE YOKE

With emerald wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 24 sts.

Work the rib and at the same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts.

Work straight for 1½ ins.

Now work 32 sts. and slip them on to stitch-holder.

Cast off 40, work 32.

Continue on these last 32 sts. for 8½ ins.

Now k. 2 tog. on edge that was shaped in the beginning on every row until there are no sts. left.

Return to other 32 sts. and work to correspond. (These last sloping edges are to be sewn on to the "cast-off 24 sts." of white front.)

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Sew in sleeves. The cast on sts. at top of sleeve form part of shoulder and only the sloping edges are to be sewn to armhole.

Sew yoke in place, overlapping at front as in illustration.

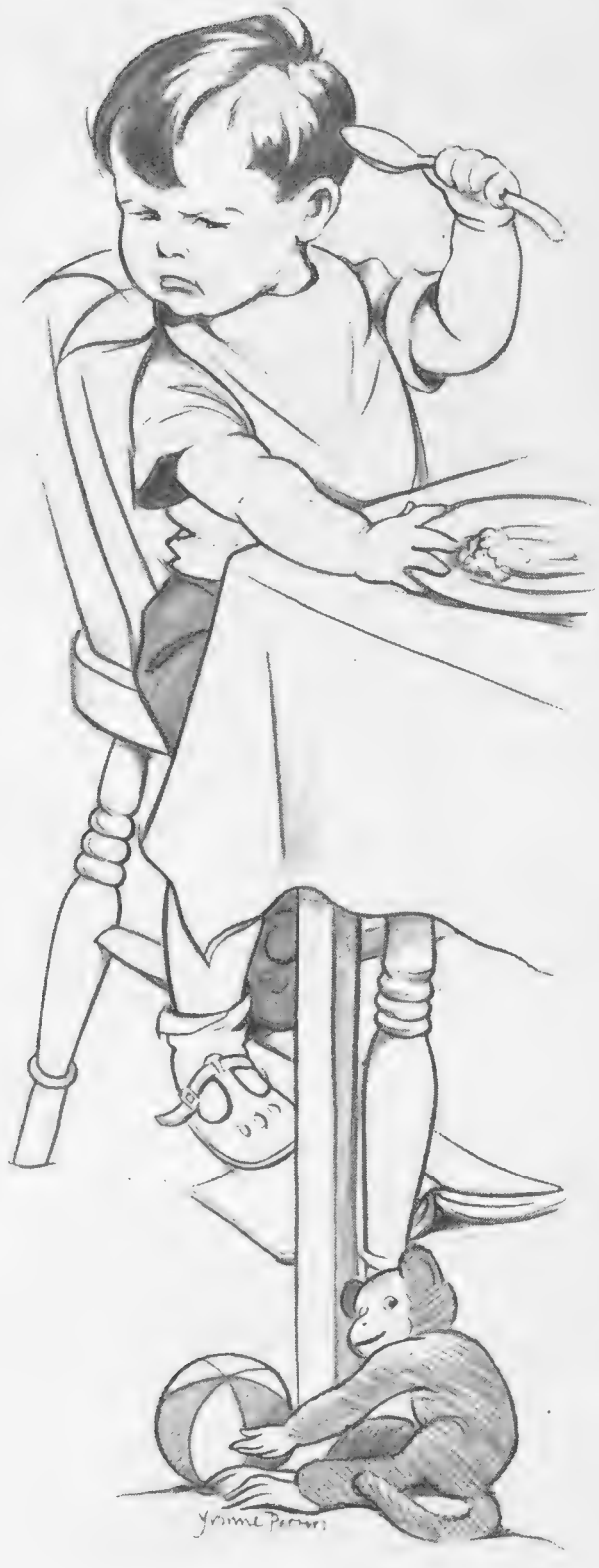
In order to ensure the neatness of the seaming, it is preferable to backstitch the seams, rather than the usual oversewing. To do this, place the outside of the yoke or sleeve to the outside of the bodice and pin in position. Then backstitch the seam with wool or sewing thread about ⅛-¼ in. from the edge. When sewn, the seams should be pressed flat with a warm iron under a damp cloth.

* * *

The abbreviations used in the pattern on this page and also for the one on the opposite page are: K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; st.st. = stocking stitch; inc. = increase (work into front and back of each stitch); dec. = decrease (take 2 sts. tog.); tog. = together.

To make this jumper, the materials required are 5 oz. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply wool in white, shade No. 26; 2 oz. in emerald, shade No. 318; 1 pair of No. 9 and 1 pair of No. 11 needles. The tension should be 10 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. measured over fabric before being stretched in wear. The directions are for a jumper which measures 34 ins. bust, 21 ins. length and 3½ ins. sleeve seam.

Psychology or Sense



Barbara Sim, a mother herself, with a professional experience in the field of child welfare, makes some pertinent comments on the pitfalls of amateur psychology

A STORY is told of a small boy who, when returning from a remand home said that he had been quite happy there, except that he had hated being "understood." His simple objection expresses briefly but eloquently the hazards which lie in the modern practice of psychology.

A greater understanding of the human mind and a wide dissemination of this knowledge have given us an advantage over our parents and grandparents in dealing with the problems which beset family life. But dabbling in a science so complex with only a layman's knowledge has its dangers.

Books and periodicals discourse upon every aspect of child upbringing, much of what is said is sound but on such a subject it is neither possible nor safe to dogmatize. In dealing with their own problems parents depend a great deal upon the written word. It often happens that they find material which seems to fit their case, but is it really as simple as this? General principles cannot be applied indiscriminately to individual cases. Human beings are not precisely cut to pattern.

One might quote, for instance, the case of the small boy who throws the wood chopper at his brother. According to the book it is all cut and dried. He is jealous, frustrated because he feels that his mother loves his older brother more. A mother confronted by similar circumstances may fit the same conclusion to her own case. Alarming visions of fratricide flit through her mind. She reads sinister motives into the young malefactor's most trivial actions and invests them with a significance they do not deserve.

Preoccupied with her amateur researches into the "subconscious" she may well overlook the possibility that the child has had a simple outburst of temper (inherited from his father), or that he was taking decisive steps to get even with his brother for some previous misdeed.

But nowadays it is unfashionable to take the straightforward view. Sheer naughtiness is not acceptable. The amateur psychologist's reasoning can so easily be impaired by theories about complexes, repressions, inhibitions and all the rest of the jargon—often only half understood and ill-digested.

IT does not follow that the terms are meaningless, but it does mean that the subject is one for the expert and not for the amateur. Dabbling in psychology tends to impair native common sense and to obstruct the intuition which is a mother's birthright. Overanxiety, and excessive fussiness can so easily take its place. Is it possible that in trying to prevent future neuroses in our children we are becoming neurotic ourselves?

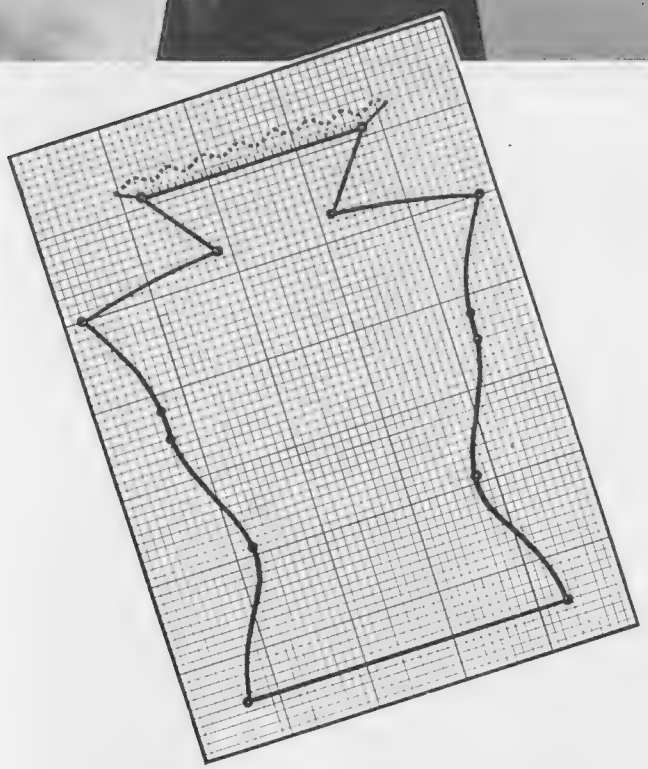
It is significant that books and articles are now turning their attention to the contented and too-good child; so that even the lucky mother of these can now begin to wonder whether . . perhaps . . . something . . . is wrong!

So much stress has been put, too, upon the first five years of life that mothers of toddlers tend to think that when their children are past this period their troubles are over. Then after a couple of years at school, progress becomes all-important. Anthony is not getting on. Poor child, he is not left in peace at the bottom of the class to make his own pace, but has to be rushed off to a psychiatrist. Inevitably he is given an intelligence test, and woebetide him if his I.Q. is low. His parents can now worry incessantly for the next ten years. The more ambitious and intelligent the parents, the greater the worry.

We might all feel much happier if we could realize that from the moment a baby is born his own vital spark of life will carry him forward naturally. To treat the child entirely on routine lines, moulding him as though he was Plasticine, may destroy the confidence of the parent-child relationship, bringing tension where it should never be.

Many Victorian children spent much time in the company of maids listening to the chatter and the experiences of these homely folk in a fashion which is horrifying to us now when we carefully guard our children's minds. Yet is not the (*Continued on page* 84)

Make Your Own Instruction



PROBABLY you knit yourself jerseys, but have you ever considered designing your own patterns? It isn't difficult and you don't have to be able to draw. Even if you set your sights lower, it is very satisfactory to know that you can adapt any pattern to your own measurements, if the one you like is in the wrong size.

First, measure yourself, or ideally get someone to measure you. This is the list: length from nape of neck to waist at back, base of throat to waist in front, length from base of neck to maximum measurement of bust, size of neck, size of waist, bust, width of back at bust line, width across shoulders both back and front, length from base of neck to shoulder, sleeve length, upper arm measurement, wrist measurement, length of short sleeve, and finally armhole measurement.

Now take a large sheet of graph paper and draw out the shape of the jersey, to scale or to actual size, from your measurements, making one diagram for the back from back measurements, and one for the front from front measurements.

If you find even this beyond you, there is a short cut, but it is not accurate. Choose a jersey that is completely satisfactory to wear and pin it out on a sheet of paper, being careful not to stretch it, and draw round it. Be careful not to let your pencil slip, or to push the jersey aside in drawing.

NOW that you have the basic pattern, the next consideration of importance is knitting tension. Briefly, this is the number of stitches in a row to the inch, and the number of rows to an inch. When calculating the tension, lay the knitting flat and mark the inch both ways with pins, then it will be easier to count without fear of the tape slipping.

Cast on twenty stitches or so, using the wool and needles you intend to use for the garment and knit in the chosen pattern stitch. This sample should be about two inches square. When finished, measure the tension, that is, the number of stitches and rows to the inch. From this you can then calculate how many stitches to cast on, how many rows to knit and where and how much to increase for your particular pattern. Don't forget that the number of stitches cast on must be divisible by the number of stitches in a complete repeat of the pattern stitch.

TO alter a printed pattern to another size, note the tension which is usually given at the head of the pattern, and use this to calculate how many stitches to cast on and how many rows to knit to give the size you require yourself. As the work progresses, measure the garment against the basic pattern to ensure the perfect fit.

If you are making a special shape of neckline or armhole, draw this full size on a piece of paper. This saves a lot of working out of where and when to make alterations to the number of stitches on the needles and of remembering which row has to have the increase.

LUBA STONE

THIS model jersey is the kind which one so often would like to knit for oneself but for which no knitting instructions exist. This is how to set about making them for yourself. Using your basic measurements, draw up a diagram on graph paper like this, making one for the front from front measurements, and one for the back from back measurements. This diagram is made to the following measurements: bust 18 in., waist 13 in., hips 18½ in., shoulder to hem 24 in., base of throat to waist 16 in., neck to bust 9 in., depth of armhole 7½ in., width of shoulder 23 in. For this size, knitting at a tension of 8 stitches to the inch, this would mean casting on 148 stitches at the hip, decrease to 104 for waist, increase to 144 for maximum bust measurement, increase to 184 for shoulders. If the tension were 12 rows to the inch, this would mean knitting 96 rows from hem to waist, 84 from waist to maximum bust measurement, 18 from bust to armhole; the armhole shaping would be completed in 72 rows and the shoulder shaping in 18. The diagram for the back of the jumper would be modified, to correspond to back measurements.

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For further details and where to buy these items, send a stamped and addressed envelope to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

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25/- Here is something for a child's bedroom or nursery that will be an endless source of delight. By day you have a brightly coloured shade with lively scenes from the animal fair, then at night switch on the light and watch the intriguing transformation. Animals appear on the lighted stage, stars come out, and the scene changes to night.

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16/11 This summer your child can have a deck-chair of his very own ; a small replica of his mother's chair, it is fitted with a safety device to prevent accidents to fingers. **£2/17/6** What could be nicer, for a sunny summer afternoon in the garden or on the beach than this gaily flowered umbrella which clips on to your deck-chair. It can be adjusted so that you can always have shade without moving.

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4 gns. A fine gift for a June bride would be this silver-plated Ronson "Leona" table-lighter, enamelled in either coral or turquoise blue. **£3/18/9** and **£1/4/3** These Italian cigarette boxes are beautifully made with designs of inlaid wood on the lids. The larger one conceals a musical box.

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£18/15/9 Imagine the delight of a picnic at which the butter is not a greasy mess, salads not all limp and cold drinks not tepid. This beautifully fitted basket, besides the usual picnic equipment, provides an insulated compartment which will keep food cold for six or seven hours.

Tender Young Things

By Janet Darby

PEAS are sensitive creatures and easily shocked. The barbarous habit of plunging them into boiling water is a fine way of ensuring that the resulting food is unfit for gods—or men, for that matter. The green little bullets will take their revenge by sitting obdurately in your stomach; and even when nature has taken mercy on you the memory will be a reproach to the aspiring cook.

Treat them gently: put them in a pan with a very little *cold* water—a teacupful to a pound is ample—a sprig of mint, a scatter of salt. Bring them slowly to boiling point. Then lower the heat, so that the water just moves, add a good pinch of granulated sugar, and cook for no more than ten minutes. Drain them, return them to the pan with a piece of margarine the size of a walnut. Shake the pan slowly over the heat until the fat has melted and deposited a silky coat on the peas. Serve them to a hungry family, or to the snootiest epicure you know, as an accompaniment to briskly grilled lamb chops, or young roast chicken or duckling. Or with a cutlet of veal. Or as a separate dish by themselves, so that their full flavour can be relished.

You haven't thrown the pods away, of course. While you wouldn't serve green pea soup *and* green peas at the same meal, the soup will make an excellent beginning to tomorrow's lunch or dinner, and the knowledge that nothing has been wasted will add extra zest to your own enjoyment of it. Wash the pods, add a thinly sliced onion, and cook slowly in light stock or water for thirty minutes. Pods from a pound of peas to about a pint of liquid. Rub through a sieve. At this stage the green semi-liquid paste can be left for next day, if you wish. Then take a nut of butter or margarine, melt over heat, and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour—or cornflour, which is better.

When this begins to bubble, stir in the pea pod paste, and gently add half a pint of cold milk stirring. Bring to the boil slowly, and when it thickens, but not before, add your salt to taste. No pepper, if you please: it will kill the delicate flavour. Put a sprinkling of freshly chopped mint into each soup-bowl and ladle the soup over it. A spoonful of top of the milk or cream is nice with this.

YOUNG carrots, young globe beetroots, and even young turnips can be cooked whole. Scrape carrots, wash beetroots, and take a thin layer of peel from turnips, being careful not to spoil their shape in doing so. The procedure is the same in each case. Cover with water just off the boil; boil gently, allowing twenty minutes for carrots and turnips and thirty for beets. If you are serving any of these hot, toss them in melted butter or margarine. If cold, don't allow any fat near them.

I usually serve hot boiled beet whole with mutton chops; cold, I slice them into vinegar and leave overnight before serving as an accompaniment to cold meat, or in a salad. Incidentally, raw young beet, grated, is an excellent and colourful addition to a mixed salad. Or equal quantities of grated raw beetroot and grated horseradish, moistened with distilled white vinegar, and left in a tightly corked jar for a week, makes an excellent relish with cheese or cold beef. You'll need to be a heroine, though, to grate the horseradish. It's an even more potent tearjerker than raw onion!

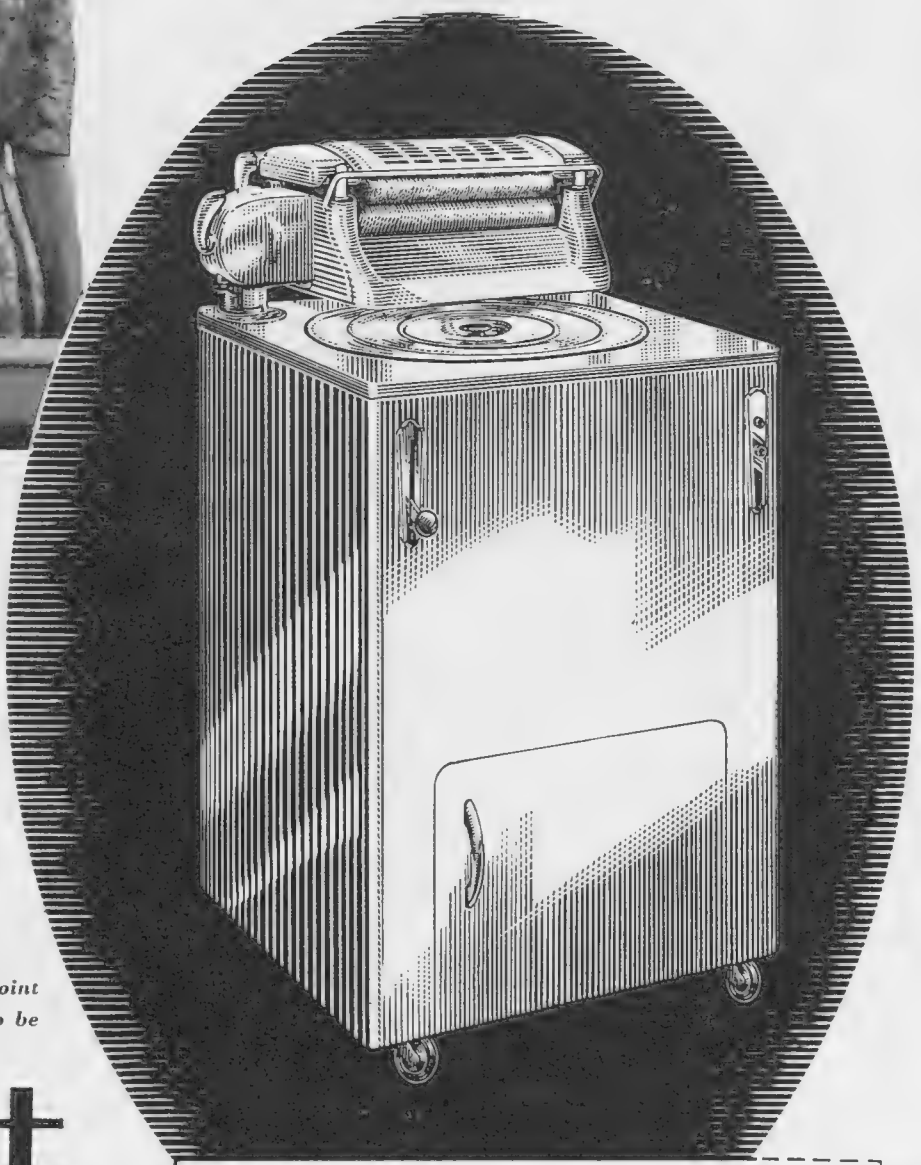
A VISIT to the greengrocer at this time of the year produces in me a species of intoxication. I think it's the massed colour which does it, so that I find myself buying more carrots, or turnips, or peas than I really need. Then I solace myself by proving that I haven't been extravagant, really. Cooked carrot and turnip, cut into dice, cooked peas, and a few raw ones, too, provided that they are young and sweet, are tossed in mayonnaise or french dressing, and bedded in lettuce, to serve the double purpose of decorating the table and tempting the appetite.

Or I make vegetable patties with them like this: save the vegetable water, and use it, half and half with milk, to make a thick cheese sauce. Line patty tins with pastry, fill these uncooked cases with the diced vegetables, peas and a little chopped parsley. Cover with cheese sauce, and grate more cheese on top before cooking them as open patties.

Or, if you want to serve them cold, cover with pastry and bake in a (*Continued on page* 84)

how nice

to have the time....



. . . time to relax . . . even on wash-day and still not too tired to share HIS pleasures . . . Since we bought my washing machine I have time to enjoy my home and I'm more than thankful we chose a Hotpoint.

The model illustrated is the Hotpoint Washing Machine which can also be fitted with a rotary ironer.

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Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother — when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

Her Ladyship's Secret

(*Continued from page* 35)

a warning shot between them, Lord Stourwell said : "Travers is wrong, of course?"

His wife's face was pale. He saw her hesitate, then suddenly look up at him, her eyes cold and challenging.

"Mr. Travers is right." And turning to the dealer with a smile that was as sudden as it was different : "Mr. Travers, it seems, is never wrong."

Before the clock could be heard ticking again Mr. Travers had consulted a pocket diary and discovered an appointment he might just be able to keep if he left immediately. And when they had bidden him goodbye they went their separate ways, having no more to say to one another.

NEVER, he realized, as he walked out into the garden had he felt as he felt now towards his wife. It was not only that she was obviously in love with someone. To the self-inflicted torture of imagining that coldly formal beauty of hers changing to something rarer in the arms of another man was added the bitterness he felt that she should have deceived him over a string of pearls. And why, the thought flashed to him, if she had sold the originals, did she want the money and where had it gone?

He willed himself to recall the sort of woman he had always believed his wife to be in order to blot out the imagery of that other that kept rising in his mind. Proud, aloof, never in spirit and intention yielding to him even in intimacy—all that, bitter though it was, he accepted.

He, too, was proud, much too proud to complain that a woman invited to grace an establishment did not bring with her a domestic affection. She might be as glittering as an iceberg as long as she adorned the world she moved in with the grace of a lady.

But that she should tell lies, sell pearls, and spend two thousand pounds. . . . He laughed, recalling her pretence that they were in the bank. Why should she want two thousand pounds to spend?

HE became filled with righteous indignation, moved to justifiable anger at this proof of the duplicity of women. For every conceivable purpose, dress, cars, travel, he made an adequate allowance. The money had to be spent on the objects to which it was appropriated. Any more had only to be asked for and it was given.

"I will give you a cheque for any sum you like for any reasonable purpose."

And she had answered : "It is usually only for unreasonable purposes that one wants money badly."

That he had not taken her lightly spoken words quite seriously must have amused her.

Her Ladyship had behaved, after all, very like any of the women he knew as a young man. Women might differ, but they employed those differences for the same ends. The sudden inspiration made him less angry but more contemptuous. Having been deceived in the character of his wife, he would now adopt a different standard of behaviour. Liars must be confronted with proof. He would insist on accompanying her to the bank to examine the pearls alleged to be deposited there. The word "alleged" seemed appropriate. It suggested the necessity for "evidence."

Having made up his mind, he turned back to the house. It looked rather fine, rather stately, against the sunset sky—the sort of place where one might expect to find, perhaps, people with free and generous minds. But he didn't notice it. He was too preoccupied with his resolve to prove to his wife that she couldn't make a fool of him.

* * * *

As they waited in the bank manager's office for the small deed box deposited in her Ladyship's name to be brought in, she looked at her husband again as she had looked when he first told her of his intention. She had made no attempt to explain or to justify.

"If you insist," she had said. "I warn you it will be the end." And she would say no more.

She didn't speak, but he knew she was giving him a last minute opportunity to retract.

He was determined he would not. He knew her well enough to realize she was not bluffing about its being the end, and yet he felt absolutely certain that the pearls would not be in the box. Her face was pale and she wasted no time in getting the key out of her bag. She had clearly made up her mind to go through with it, and yet she seemed to be in the grip of an emotion more complex than anger. It showed in her eyes and he had heard it in her voice. Anger alone would have been more arrogant, more outspoken. When the game was up it would have been defiant, having nothing more to lose. But this was different. She was obviously unhappy, too.

But that didn't alter things. They had to be cleared up. He was going through with it.

"Perhaps you will ring when you have finished," said the manager as he placed the small box on his desk and left them alone in his room.

She did not hesitate. She placed her hand on the box and was about to insert the key.

"Don't!" The word was as peremptory as the motion of his hand to her wrist. "I don't want to see what is inside."

His grip on her wrist tightened until it hurt and the words were wrung from him : "I cannot bear to see you humiliated!"

She looked up at him as though he had suddenly gone mad. Then fear left her eyes and he saw something happen that astounded and moved him. Her eyes filled with tears.

Looking down and still holding his hand on which a tear had fallen she said : "This is the nicest thing you have ever done."

A SUDDEN inexpressible tenderness towards her overwhelmed him. Nothing in his life had ever put him in this relationship to a human being before. No one had ever said such a thing to him. And no woman had ever looked at him in that way. He could find nothing to say. He stood there foolishly patting her hand.

She looked up at him suddenly with a smile he had last seen in her face when her happiness had overflowed and she was pulling Mr. Travers's leg.

"While we're being driven back in the car I've something to show you," she said.

When they were seated she opened her bag and handed him a letter. As he was taking it from the envelope he heard her saying, as though she were recalling something to herself at the same time that she was explaining it to him :

"He might have been my son. He was one of the boys who came to the canteen during the war. When he came back from the East I could have cried. I pulled every string I knew to get him to a clinic in Switzerland. And when he returned I paid his passage to the Cape to get him to the sun where he might live. He is doing well and has just married. It cost in all"—her hand moved unconsciously to her throat—"about two thousand pounds. You will see from his letter that he is beginning to pay it back."

"But why," he interrupted her, "didn't you ask me for the money?"

She looked at him for some moments in silence. She was smiling, a withdrawn, mysterious sort of smile in which she seemed to be savouring some curiously bitter-sweet and enigmatical delight.

"It seemed to me," she answered at last, "not to come within the category of reasonable expenditure."

In the bank the manager picked up the box with a puzzled frown. It had been unlocked and empty for years, and it was unlocked and empty now. Why on earth had they had it out?

END

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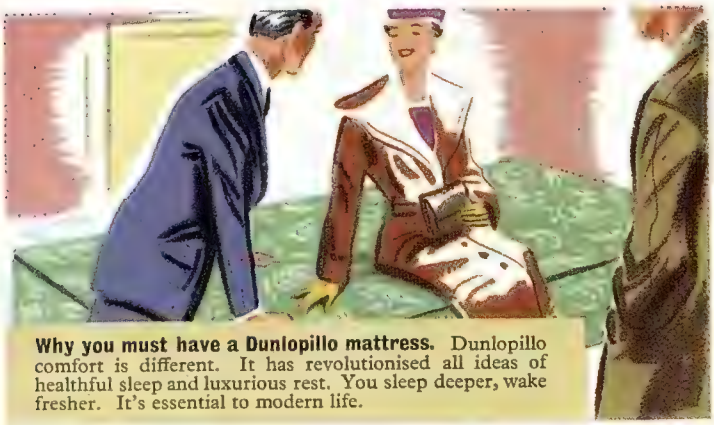

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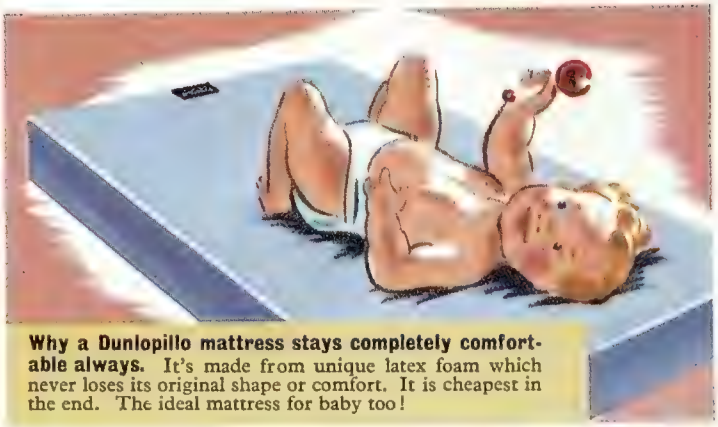

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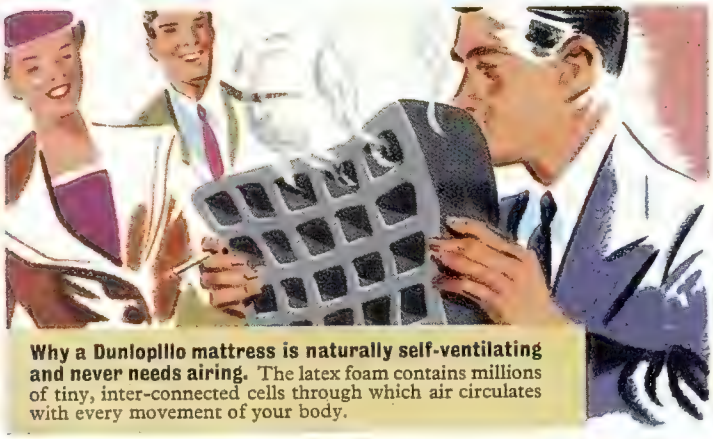
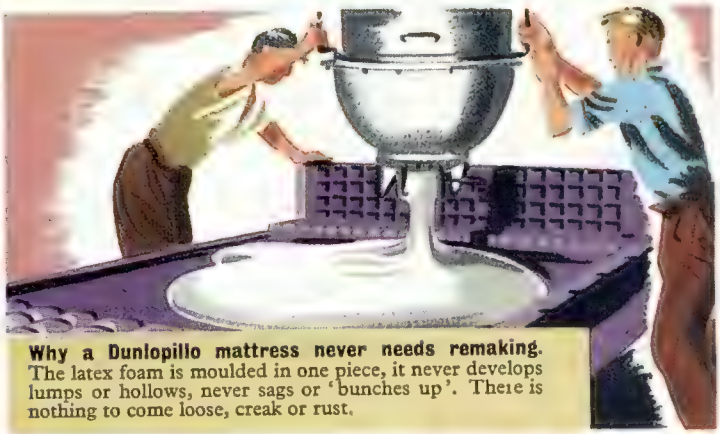


Why a Dunlopillo mattress is naturally self-ventilating and never needs airing. The latex foam contains millions of tiny, inter-connected cells through which air circulates with every movement of your body.



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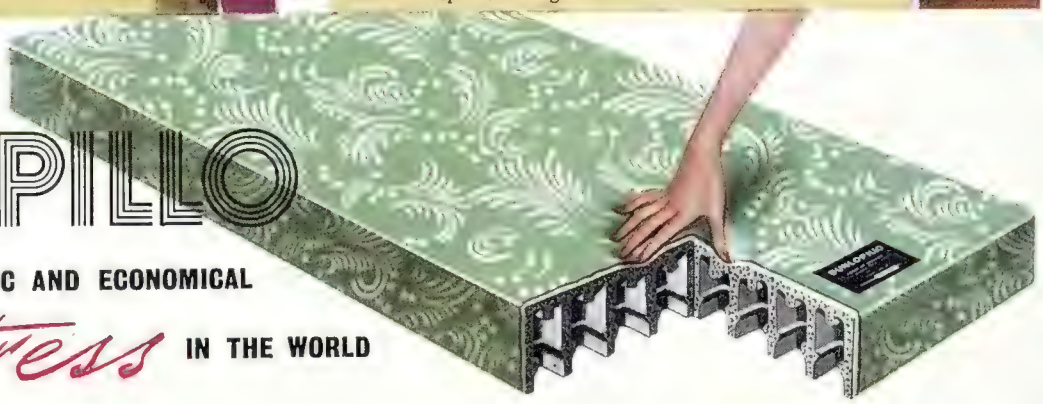

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FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

2D D7A

Half A Chance (*Continued from page 24*)

NEXT came the unlucky horses to add their quota to the creature's wounds and exhaustion. The men riding them courted reasonable safety. They kept their mounts standing parallel with the wooden barrier, and close up against it, the lance held outwards and downwards. The blinkered horses could feel and tremble, but they could not see. Neither could they scream and upset some of the more sensitive members of the audience, since their vocal chords had been cut.

The bull charged, flung up its goring head. The lance found a fleshy target in the back. The disembowelled horse staggered sideways, and its rider slid safely over the barrier. And very soon the arena was clean again, the redness and whatnot scattered over with fresh sand, the dead horses dragged out at a spirited canter by teams of their own kind.

The picadors danced into the contest, holding pairs of steel darts bright with ribbons. The bull was not quite so magnificently dynamic. Now and again it paused, and snorted, and watched. Its rushes were shorter and less frequent. The picadors judged their time, ran in, side-stepped, dodged, plunged the barbed darts into the flesh, leaped back, airy, light-footed, taunting. The crowd rustled in approval.

It was time for the matador. The crowd grew more stilly, tautening with anticipation. The hour and the minute belonged to Carlos. The nervousness of high occasion plucked at him with feathery touch. These massed rows of staring faces were quick to praise and quick to condemn. But he believed in himself, and the nervousness, the sensitive temperament, was held in control. Among one of the nearest rows he thought he could see the dark stars of Inez's eyes shining towards him in encouragement.

MOVING with the springy balance of a dancer, he approached the bull. He poised within two feet of those horns, flicked the small cloak. The horns dipped down and lunged up. His side-step was a careless, graceful twinkle. A sigh of delight breathed from the crowd. Their summit of rapture was to witness a blend of risk and subtle footwork.

Again he nearly touched that mighty head with his slim body, flicked the cloak with a twist of his wrists and hands. The head came down, thrust up and forward with waning quickness, but with still enough savagery and power to have torn him as easily as a sheet of paper. He was not there. His feet had twinkled once more, and the crowd were panting their appreciation.

Triumph tingled through him. He was exalted yet calm. He was exceeding his own estimate of himself, and the knowledge tasted sweet. Three times more he flicked and side-stepped, flicked and side-stepped, and the horns missed him by skilfully judged inches. The crowd were at his feet.

It was the moment for the *suerte de matar*, the driving of the short sword, true and straight and flashing, down into that vital inch behind the neck, the supreme, precise death-stroke. His right hand hovered. The hushed crowd waited. The sword dived, and in that fraction of time that is timeless, when crisis and awareness of it become the two fastest things in the world, the sword snapped.

He tried to leap clean, and blinding darkness smashed into him.

THE first proof that he was still alive came to him as something crossed his clearing vision. It was the figure of a nun. Successively he made out sheets beheath his chin, the end of a bed, an open window. Next, great pain asserted itself in his right breast and shoulder.

He lay quiet, debating whether to consider himself lucky to be alive or unlucky. By the feel of his shoulder, he would never fight again. He had been the shortest of shooting stars, rising and falling in a matter of minutes. His career was over. And to think about Inez was to torture himself. She believed in success, never in failure. Somebody would take his place. Too exhausted by pain to brood in self-pity, he dropped off to sleep, and most of the next few days in the hospital he spent under its opiate.

As he grew stronger, and asked questions, he was fobbed off by a kindly doctor. It was a waste of tact. The evasion itself told him the final truth. He had seen the last of the ring. The only profitable pondering left was to wonder why that sword had snapped. He thought about it frequently, and in due course, when his many friends were allowed to visit him, he talked over the mystery with them. One young man recalled that in his early days Jose Ibanez had been a steelworker at Toledo.

"A Toledo blade," said Carlos, "bends and bends. But as for breaking——"

"Never," said the young man. "Never. Unless——" He got up from the bedside.

"Where are you going?"

"To make inquiries."

A COUSIN of his was employed by a firm making fine articles of Eibar y Toledo, combs and suchlike, steel inlaid with gold. He was a patient, persistent young man. He plugged away until he had collected all the information that answered the problem. By persuasion and threats he finally dragged the truth out of the craftsman Jose had employed to fashion a sword exactly like Carlos'. It was exactly like, excepting the hidden, deliberate flaw. It had been simple for Jose to substitute it on the day of the Corridor.

Fire in his eyes, the young man said to Carlos: "What shall we do?"

"Nothing, as yet. Lying in bed here, I have unlimited time to think. Keep this to yourself."

"But, Carlos——!"

"I shall not be in bed for ever. They say I may be allowed to leave by the beginning of August."

"And then?"

Carlos stared out at the distances beyond the window. "I will tell you presently. Something may happen in August."

THE hot months were upon San Sebastian, and the flower scents were heady, and the droning of the mosquitoes over the marshes beyond murmured through the late evenings. These things seemed to serve as a stimulating accompaniment to his hours of thinking. He had the leisure to dally with the details of many alternatives, and it was not until the end of July that he fixed on his ultimate choice, the perfect way of dealing with Jose.

On August 14, under the heat of a flaming afternoon, one and a half hours beyond midday, Jose was walking slowly down the quiet Calle Carmen. For some while it had been his habit to eat at a favourite inn, and return home at this time for his siesta. Behind him, half a dozen young men were strolling, and talking in jovial voices. He took no notice of them, since there was no reason why he should, but they took notice of him, in a sudden and puzzling fashion. They changed their pace from a slouch to a fast walk, drew level, surrounded him. Some were smiling. Some were laughing.

He said sharply: "What is this?"

One beamed. "Senor Ibanez, surely?"

"The great matador," said another, "the great matador himself."

They were jostling him, without roughness, steering him along with them. For a few seconds he was more bewildered than afraid. He smiled back at them, and admitted his identity.

"And now," he said, "I am honoured by your attentions, but I prefer——"

THEY were pressing more closely. He grew scared, and started to protest, and warned them he would shout for help unless they left him alone. They were hustling him along into a side alley, and at that he became really frightened, and let out a yell. They must have been prepared for it, because they drowned the sound (*Continued on page 64*)

After 25 —

DRY SKIN

begins to show

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in a huge outburst of laughter. He tried to ram his way through them, and thought he had succeeded, only to receive a violent shove in the back that sent him stumbling across the threshold of an open doorway.

The door closed behind. He straightened himself, and his heavy jowl turned blue-white. He was in a small, bare room, with a table and a couple of chairs. On the table stood a bottle, and two glasses of red wine. Sitting in one of the chairs was Carlos Pla, and he had a pistol in his right hand.

"Sit down," said Carlos gently. "They've locked the door on the outside. This is an inn, a proper place to drink."

Carlos was almost purring with friendliness, and Jose was horribly afraid. He could hear the thumping of his heart.

"Sit down," said Carlos.

The pistol pointed steadily, and Jose obeyed. He managed to coax the slime from his throat and ask a question.

"Why have you got me here?"

"To drink," said Carlos amiably, "to the damnation of one of us."

Jose said nothing, and edged his tongue along his lips. He tried to laugh. "I do not understand."

"Then I will explain. At first, I decided to give you no chance, to kill you as I would a cockroach."

Jose said with pleading shakiness: "Carlos! have you lost your senses? What have I done to you?"

"There was a broken sword."

"No matador could have had worse luck. I grieved for you. But——"

Carlos laughed. "It was kind of you to grieve for your victim."

"Certainly you must be mad. How could you have been my victim? I don't know what you're talking about."

"I dislike liars," said Carlos, still in that terribly gentle way. "Friends of mine have been making inquiries." He mentioned names of Toledo craftsmen. "Do you deny it now?"

JOSE was fighting for breath, and his face was blue-grey from the cheekbones downwards. He struggled to say something, and no words came out.

Carlos spoke. "At first, I decided to give you no chance. Then I remembered that the sword you provided had given me half a chance. I should have been killed by the bull. So you, also, must be given half a chance. There is not room on earth for both of us." He pointed the pistol at the glasses. "Half a chance for you and half a chance for me. One of those is poisoned. Take your choice."

Jose clawed at the locked door. Carlos aimed the muzzle at his head, and said in that neat little voice:

"I give you ten seconds. By the end of that time, if you have not chosen your glass, and drained it, I blow out your brains."

He said it conversationally, not as a threat, but as an almost casual statement of fact. Jose sweated, and made fumbling movements with his hand, while Carlos began to count.

"One—two—three—"

He reached eight. Jose moaned, and snatched at a glass, and poured the wine down his choking throat.

"Thank you," said Carlos, picked up the other, and tilted it to his lips. He drank slowly, while Jose watched him with a sort of numbed, appealing agony.

Seconds dragged by before the glass was empty. Carlos turned his tongue inwards, curling it along the inside of his mouth savouring exploration of the palate.

He put the glass down on the table. He said: "Sorry to keep you waiting, Jose. I can tell you now. Mine was wine only."

Rocking slightly, Jose clutched at nothing. From temples to chin, his skin was blue. A sound started in his throat and died between his teeth. He lurched forward, over the table, slid backwards, and lay still on the floor. He had had his last heart attack.

Carlos put the pistol in his pocket and got up. He looked down at the limpness on the floor. He said to it quietly: "So was yours."

* * *

The smell of dust was back in my nostrils, the hot sunshine on my face. With the ceasing of the old man's voice, I was back in the present.

I said: "To have known all these facts, you must have known these men intimately."

"That is so, señor."

"What happened to Carlos?"

"What should happen? Jose Ibanez died from natural causes. Carlos was finished with bull-fighting." The old man squashed his heel over the dead cigarette stub. "He was finished with Inez—or, rather, she was finished with him."

"Did he clear out of San Sebastian?"

He turned and smiled at me with the inward calm of great age.

"For a time," he said. "For forty years he worked in the London office of a Spanish firm."

END

The Vandal

(*Continued from page 38*)

"These absurd demonstrations before breakfast are very unsettling, and. . . ."

"But, Mother dear, it is for your sake I came. I want you to know that you are not alone in this. . . ."

"I can see that," she replied drily. "But if someone would only explain to me *why* I am not alone. . . ?"

GREGORY coughed then, one of those hard little company meeting coughs, which Elizabeth had heard all through her life with Philip, his father. She used to call it the "cut in preference dividends" cough.

"I can explain in half a dozen words," he said. "If Cambria will only allow me to." He ignored her glare and inclined his head slightly towards Elizabeth, "I'll give it to you in a nutshell, Mother. Father's statue has been violated . . . grossly violated."

Cambria burst from her silence like an erupting volcano.

"Oh, Gregory, you brute. . . . Not like that." Her arms swept up in a protective pincer movement round Elizabeth's waist. "Do you want to give her a shock?"

Elizabeth had a sudden violent attack of claustrophobia, a thing she always suffered when Cambria came too close to her. She pushed her daughter back, almost violently.

"For mercy's sake don't suffocate me, Cambria." She turned her white, troubled face to her son. "In what way has the statue been violated, Gregory?"

"In the foulest way possible." The words came thin and hard through his closed teeth. "Tar and feathers, no less." At last his anger burst the bounds of control and rose to his brain, flaming the sudden hate out of his eyes. "By God, someone's going to suffer for this!"

His violent words fell into the room in a chain of explosions. To Elizabeth they came as a series of repeated shocks. She remembered her Aunt Martha once saying that as long as Gregory was alive, his father would never be dead, and this morning the Gregory who faced her was proving the truth of that prophecy. Behind the white, still mask of her face, Elizabeth's mind swung back over the years, and the man before her was no longer her son Gregory, but her husband, Philip. That vein which ran up the middle of his forehead, swollen into a ridge with his wrath . . . that was Philip's, just as the eyes, frosty cold and sharpened to needle points were Philip's, too.

SUDDENLY she felt tired . . . so terribly tired.

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, unable for the moment to focus her mind on what all the noise was about, or what was required of her in return for the noise. Into the darkness of her new sanctuary came Cambria's voice, quieter maybe than Gregory's, but more incisive. Cambria's voice turned and twisted its way into her brain with the insistence of a steel drill.

"You clumsy oaf, Gregory. Look what you've done now. Wasn't the shock of this terrible thing enough for her to stand without you having to add to it?"

"This terrible thing!" Her mind gripped the three words and held them in a tight clutch of frenzy. "What terrible thing were they talking about?" Philip was dead, but that wasn't a new thing. That was a long time ago . . . almost three years ago. But there was something else. Apparently, as well as being dead, Philip was now tarred and feathered. Was that the terrible thing they kept trying to tell her about? As quickly as they had landed on it, her thoughts bounced away from it, to land on something else . . . on an almost forgotten face. It was the face of a man struggling with ruin and disaster. She saw again the face of this man writhing and twisting in his torture, saw his trembling lips making words so plain that she could read them through the glass of the window as she stood in the June sunshine of the garden. The man's lips were saying: "You ought to be tarred and feathered, Philip Banner. Tarred and feathered you ought to be."

And she saw the thin whip of Philip's mouth lashing out its reply. "Are you sure you could afford the tar and feathers, Carter? Aren't they a luxury just a little beyond your resources at the moment?"

AFTER that she had turned away from the window, suddenly sick and cold. She had shivered and come into the house to escape the flaming mockery of flowers and sunshine. She had hidden herself in her bedroom, alone with the grey, twitching face of the man called Carter, until the children came from school, and she could escape from the awful responsibility of life through the mechanical duties of living. In the passing years the picture of the man's tortured face had died slowly, and it seemed to her as if it lay buried somewhere under the face of her husband, on which the years had heaped high the heavy grey earth of prosperity.

But now the man's face was back, and her husband had been tarred and feathered. She was called upon to say something . . . some word, some simple, magic word that would turn like a key in a lock, and allow her to escape from this son who was his father, and this daughter who suffocated her with unwanted protection.

"Carter," she said suddenly, and Gregory stopped his heavy pacing as though a rein had been pulled on him.

"What did you say, Mother?" The grey nails of his eyes were being hammered into her face. Her nerves seemed to be waving in the wind of his movements as though they were long streamers tied to the central pole of her tired body.

"Nothing," she replied. "Have they any idea who . . . did this thing?"

"Not yet," replied Gregory grimly. "But believe me, it won't be long till we get after him. If it's the last thing I do, I'll bring this vandal to justice."

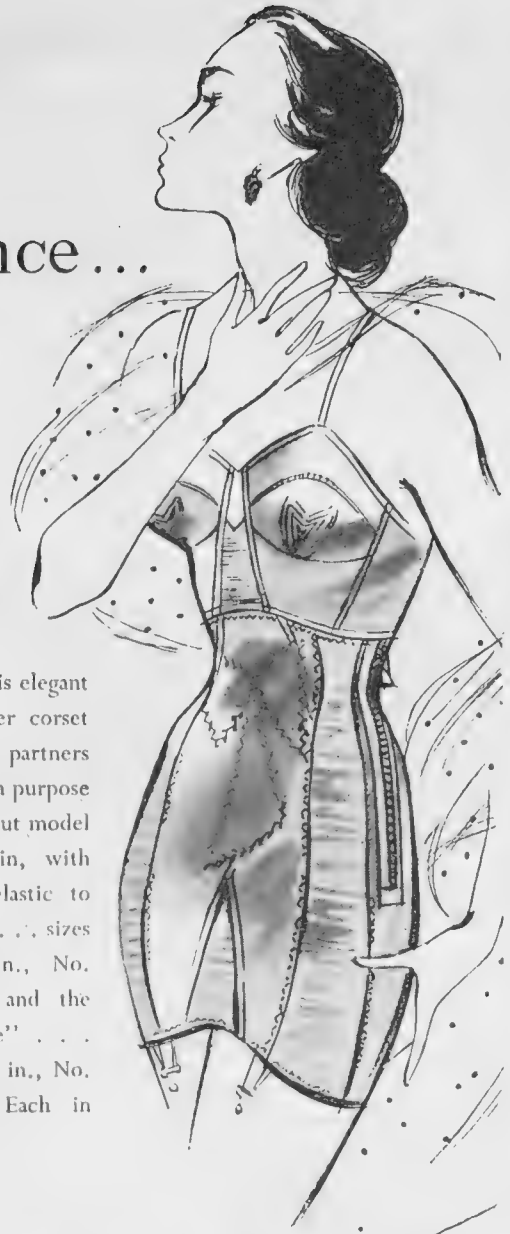
"But don't you worry your head about it, Mother," said Cambria. "We'll look after it all." Elizabeth felt her daughter's presence hanging over her again, her strong perfume reaching out and prinking her nostrils. She fought back an urge to sneeze, and felt overburdened by the necessity to escape, to get free of these two children of hers, and into some quiet place where she could think.

"Thank you, my dear," she whispered, and tried painfully hard to put the right amount of meaning into it. She thought: "In a minute, if I don't do something, Cambria will be pushing smelling salts under my nose, and I simply couldn't stand that." So she rose and made a vague passage to the window, with her daughter following close behind her.

"Please don't hover over me, Cambria," she said a little stiffly. "I don't feel in the least like fainting, if that is what you are waiting for."

(*Continued on page 66*)

Elegance...



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CAMBRIA muttered something which she did not hear, and she stood looking from the window into the garden. In the far corner, by the rowan tree, Mottram the gardener was working with a hoe. He plunged the blade into the earth and withdrew it again with a slow rhythm that was pleasantly restful to her eyes and the brain behind them. She might have forgotten her two visitors in the delight of watching Mottram's movements, had it not been for Gregory's feet still padding up and down, and an occasional sniffle from Cambria.

Gregory exploded again. "He must have left *some* traces," he said. "Oh, we'll be able to get him all right."

"Yes, I'm sure you will," said Elizabeth wearily. She had forgotten Mottram now and was trying to think of her late husband's face. It came as a surprise to her that she could not remember his features distinctly at all. Between the whip-lash of the mouth and the pin-pointed eyes there was nothing left but a vague blur.

She was thankful when old Elspeth shuffled in with a tray on which stood a pot of coffee and three cups. Elspeth laid the tray on the occasional table, looked round the silent room as if she were a conjurer waiting for applause, then shrugged her shoulders and shuffled out again.

AT the sight of the coffee, Cambria stopped sniffing and approached the table.

"Sugar, Gregory?" she asked, and the question rattled its absurdity on Elizabeth's ears.

No one would ever think we were one family, she thought, as Gregory muttered, "Two please," and then she tried to remember what Philip had taken with coffee. Again there was that sense of panic when nothing came back to her. It was as if Philip had never existed. We never were one family after all, she thought with desperate finality. We were simply accidents that happened to one another.

"Come and sit by the fire, Mother. You'll catch your death of cold standing over there in that dressing-gown."

She came back to the fire silently, and silently took the cup and saucer Cambria handed to her.

"Do you think I should ring the police station?" asked Gregory abruptly. "They may have arrested the vandal."

Cambria looked quietly from one to the other before she spoke.

"If they have they'll ring you, won't they?" she asked. "I think Mother has stood about enough for one day, without adding to it."

Gregory glowered at her over the rim of his coffee cup.

"If you think for one moment that I am enjoying this," he replied, "you are very far wrong. Someone has to face up to the unpleasant things of life, and. . . .

"Oh, do be quiet, Gregory. This is something we are all facing together, but talking won't help it."

SOMEWHERE in the house a clock struck the half hour, and she looked hurriedly at her watch. "Good heavens, look at the time. I'd better hurry or those children will be late for school again."

"Yes, and I had better get down to the office," growled Gregory. "Though how I'll be able to work after this, I don't know."

They laid down their cups and kissed her, one on either cheek, and she thought suddenly of their kisses as the seals one puts on title deeds. She was their mother, so they legally sealed the contract of relationship with their cold lips at the beginning and end of each visit they paid her.

"Don't come to the door, Mother," said Cambria. "You'll be catching your death of cold." But she went to the door, feeling very small and pale and frightened.

Gregory's voice boomed out at her in the hall. "Don't look at the paper when it comes. There is a picture in it, and I don't think it would do you any good to see it."

At last the door was closed, and they were gone. She stood with her back against it and closed her eyes, listening to their feet . . . She heard Gregory offer Cambria a lift. The car engine pulled her eyes open, and suddenly she saw the face of her husband with startling clarity. The noise of the car receded, and the house was packed with a cotton-wool silence. Through the silence she crept to the stairs, and pulled herself slowly up to her bedroom.

SHE sat at the dressing-table and looked at herself in the mirror, and then above the mirror to where hung a framed copy of Kipling's poem, "If." The poem was a thing which belonged to her girlhood, and it seemed very strange to her now . . . almost as if it had been written in a foreign language. She lifted a wire brush and began to draw it rhythmically through her hair. Old Elspeth, when she had been Elizabeth's nanny, had told her always to take the brush a hundred times through her hair, because that was good for the blood and the brain as well as for making the hair glossy. She had just counted eighty-four strokes when the old woman slithered in and laid a morning paper on the dressing-table in front of her, so she couldn't stop until she reached the hundred. When she did, she laid the brush down and picked up the paper, and saw the picture of the statue defiled by tar and covered with feathers. There was one feather sticking out from the end of her husband's nose. She stared at that one feather for a long time, and then she started to laugh, and after a while she found she could not stop, but went on laughing louder and louder, wilder and wilder, till old Elspeth came back and slapped her very hard on both cheeks.

Elizabeth cried then, and said, "I'm sorry, Elspeth, but Philip looked so funny. He looked almost human. I couldn't help laughing."

There were tears in old Elspeth's eyes, too, for that was the first time in her life that she had ever raised a hand to Elizabeth. She held her in her arms now, close to her thin body, and after a while she said softly, "Just you go back to bed, hinny, and I'll bring your breakfast up to you."

ELIZABETH had not wanted to go to bed again, but now, with Elspeth's arms round her, it seemed the right thing to do, and she gave in easily. As the old woman closed the door very gently, she remembered she had not slept well in the night, because of the unusual hardness of the flock pillow. All her life she had been used to sleeping with a feather pillow, and hers had been the only one in the house, because Philip was brought up not to believe in feather pillows.

So she fell asleep now, and in half an hour was wakened again by Elspeth coming in with a tray on which her breakfast had been very daintily laid out. Beside the tea-pot was a little square parcel roughly tied with gardening twine. She lifted the parcel and looked her question at Elspeth. The old woman gave a snort.

"Just some of Mottram's nonsense, Miss 'Liz'beth," she said. "He said to be sure you got that parcel and opened it yourself."

"Oh. . . . Thank you, Elspeth." She waited till the old woman was gone, and then opened the parcel. Inside the crumpled paper there was an empty pillow slip, with some black marks on it and a few feathers still clinging to it.

"I'd better burn that," she said to herself. "It has finger prints on it, and that would give Gregory the clue he is looking for."

She turned to her breakfast with a face as calm and serene as a child's.

END

Books (*Continued from page 32*)

IN 1918 Lilian Wyles was one of the first twenty-five women to join the Metropolitan Police. They patrolled the West End in pairs in their ugly uniforms, always followed by two policemen ready to rush to their aid! She served in the East End, too, tackling vice and drugs, and after three years was drafted to the C.I.D., which now has a women's force of forty-eight, rising to Chief-Inspector's rank. Among others she was concerned with the Edith Thompson, Mme. Fahmy, Sir Leo Money and Marina Jones cases. **"A Woman at Scotland Yard"** (Faber, 18s.) is an unvarnished record of her thirty years' service, dealing with prostitution and other social evils as well as crime.

IT seems incredible now that hysterical girls obsessed with the devil and Calvinist domination could provoke the execution of twenty "witches," but that happened at the end of the seventeenth century in the Salem Witch Trials. Marion L. Starkey's study of this phenomenon, from the modern Freudian approach—**"The Devil in Massachusetts"** (Hale, 18s.)—I found as engrossing as Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*.

IN another period study—**"Napoleon III in England"** (British Technical & General Press, 18s.)—Ivor Guest reminds us that the last Emperor of France spent nearly seven years here, all told: six brief visits, then his exile at Chislehurst after the 1870 débâcle, devoted to games, music, patience, pondering, and the hero-worship of women who sent him £500 in notes or scattered flowers at his feet. Rather pathetic figures, he and his Empress and mother; but there is ample drama and intrigue to make their story exciting in this well-produced format with clear, well-spaced type and old prints.

WHAT a vogue there is for the Victorian suburb—its gas lamps, fogs, horse-buses—as background to murder, or suspected murder! Gerald Bullett uses it most effectively in a novel of suspense—**"The Trouble at Number Seven"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)—about a tame little chemist's second wife, seemingly mad, who is found hanging dead in a wood, and his trial on a charge of murdering her. There, but for the grace of God, goes . . . Which is why poor Mr. Pilcrow has our sympathy and Mr. Bullett, with his skilled character-drawing, holds us tense to the end.

PAUL GALLICO, too, can build dramatic suspense when he gets away from small boys turned into large tomcats. In **"Trial by Terror"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) he sends Jimmy Race, reporter on the Paris Edition of the *Chicago Sentinel*, through the Iron Curtain to see why a fellow-Yank confessed in a Hungarian court to a crime his friends knew was phoney. Race in turn is arrested, gets the mystery-dope, falsely incriminates himself and his editor as plotting against the Cominform, and eventually returns, a mere shell of his former self, still parroting under narcosis the "plot" formula. A love complication adds to the poignancy of this tragic, up-to-the-minute story.

NO doubt Peg Woffington was a witch in her way. She must have put a spell on David Garrick for him to share a *ménage à trois* with brother-actor Macklin, then set up house with her alone and watch her shine as hostess to charming little supper parties after the theatre. Daughter of a Dublin bricklayer, she won fame at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, enjoyed silks, furbelows, hosts of admirers, and a handsome coach in her heydays, and in her penitent Teddington years would say: "Alas! I have done more harm than I can ever hope to do good now; and my life of folly and wickedness will be remembered—will be what they call famous; my short life of repentance who will know, or heed, or take to profit?" Janet Camden Lucey generously allows for both in an irresistible period piece, **"Lovely Peggy"** (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.).

I SUPPOSE it is natural that a Johannesburg-born Negro novelist should be obsessed with the colour-bar, as (*Continued on page 69*)

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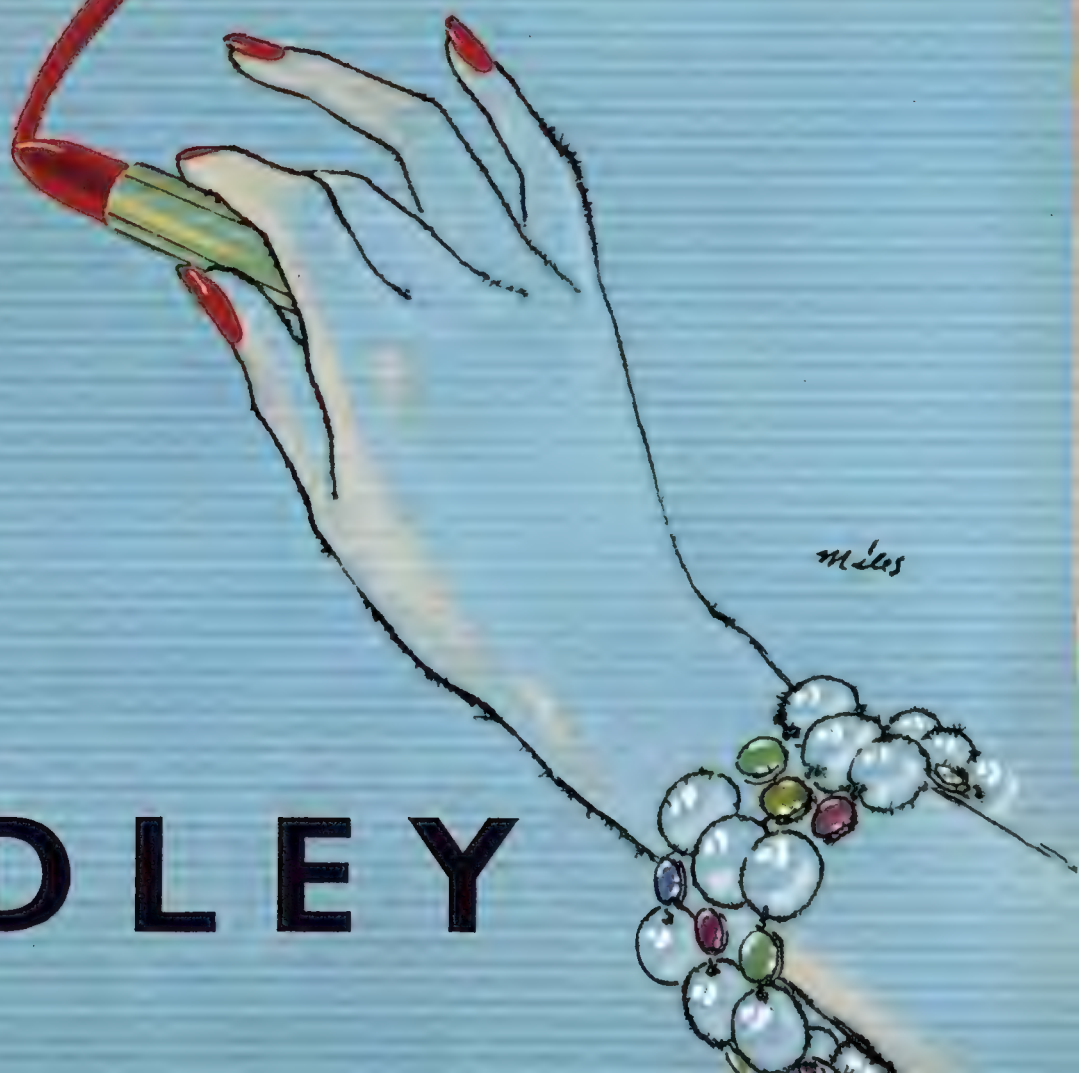

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the Irish with the old "troubles." Peter Abrahams's **"The Path of Thunder"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) tells of a young educated coloured man who, after seven years in Cape Town, returns to his Karoo township to start a school to help his people, falls foul of the local Boer whites, and in love with the daughter of the most hostile of them. It is well written, but one tires of the bitter harping on the coloured question, which is boringly overdone. It exists—inevitably. It is being gradually surmounted—also inevitably. Uncle Tom's Cabin has become Uncle Peter's bandwagon—but why keep plugging the same old dirge?

WE change to East Africa with Humfrey Jordan's **"A Valley Decides"** (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). The Hemmings, who farm in the valley, take charge of a small party of game-shooting tourists including a baronet-director of an engineering firm out to corner water schemes, his socialite wife, a little man who runs a Nottingham cycle shop, and a London research chemist whom Hemming had known at Benghazi, when he was suspected of cowardice on desert patrol. When it comes to facing up to lions the cycle-dealer comes out astonishingly well, the chemist is still the coward. The valley, in fact, puts all to the test, with varying results that make an entertaining character-study.

WILLIAM SAROYAN loves to fox us. He switches back and forth in time, keeps breaking off to spout gobs of italicized philosophy. **"Rock Wagram"** (Faber, 15s.) is an Armenian bartender in Fresno who becomes a film star, goes in quest of love, marries, begets children, is divorced. There's a lot of drinking in the story. You get the impression that most of the characters are talking canned, and Mr. Saroyan is a bit canned himself writing about 'em. But there's humour and this kind of flash: "She kept waiting for him to look back at her so their eyes could embrace." No other novel on earth is like it, which may be good for the others, I'm not sure.

TO turn from this to George Baker's **"Son of Hylas"** (Barrie, 12s. 6d.) is to pass from a psychological hothouse to the cool, enamelled meads of ancient Greek myth, for it is a re-creation, in modern idiom, of the legend of Hesione, Princess of Troy, and the adventures that befell her after Heracles had saved her from sacrifice to a monster and her father repudiated a promise to reward him with six white horses of the famous Dardanian breed owned only by those of royal blood.

A SMALL U.S. lawyer is stooged and corrupted by a gang of financial crooks and grafters and a vamp secretary—really the power behind the outfit—who chucks him under the chin, winks, and says "Come, come, Snooksy, act your dandruff" in Charles Francis Coe's **"Pressure"** (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.). The thrills are so hot you might say it was potboiled in a pressure-cooker.

J. DELVES-BROUGHTON'S re-creation—a fine historical feat—is of the Edinburgh of the 1730s onwards, when James III was exiled and the Act of Union had fostered smuggling and Jacobite intrigue. In **"I Saw No Sun"** (Faber, 15s.) Capt. Richard Wyndham from the Cotswolds arrives to help the cause, meets the bold, blustering Balmahoy, the smugglers' chief, and falls in love with his mistress, Zilla, wife of the exiled Master of Heriot, a woman bewitching in more senses than one, since she studies witchcraft. The canvas is as broad as the Scots dialect, which has to be footnoted.

FICTION

"Wine of Violence," by Ralph Ingersoll (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.); **"The Double Shuffle,"** by James Hadley Chase (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.); **"George and Georgina,"** by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Wrong Side of the Moon,"** by Francis and Stephen Ashton (Boardman, 8s. 6d.); **"The Mission of Jeffery Tolamy,"** by Darwin Teilhet (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"London—So Help Me!" by Winifred Ellis, drawings by Ronald Searle (Macdonald, 4s. 6d.); **"The Gourmet's Week-End Book,"** by André Smon (Seeley Service, 12s. 6d.); **"Wait Now!"** by Rachel Knappett (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); **"Doctor in the House,"** by Richard Gordon (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

REPRINT

"The Place of the Lion," by Charles Williams (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

END

Let's Be "Broad"-minded (*Continued from page 15*)

and a thousand-and-one other subjects all around you.

The naturalist will be in his or her element, too, for wild life is one of the chief fascinations of the Broads. Here you will see the stately heron, the crested grebe, kingfishers by the score—and, with luck, the rare and elusive bittern, too.

If the day be warm and you develop a thirst, what better way of quenching it than to tie up and call at one of the quaint old inns which never seem far from your place of anchorage? Swimming, exploring old ruins, sailing to church on a Sunday—all these things can be enjoyed in full measure, and as for the scope for amateur and nature photography well, the sky's the limit!

Perhaps I've romanced too much? I could go on for ever if space permitted, but maybe I've already tickled somebody's fancy, so I had better get down to more practical matters—the A.B.C. of fixing up a holiday afloat.

FIRST of all I must tell you the "fixing-up" part is as easy as falling off a log. Thirty-six years ago the leading Norfolk and Suffolk Broads boat owners teamed up into an Association for catering for holiday-makers. At present over thirty Broads firms owning some six hundred craft belong to the Association and bookings and all other arrangements are handled by their sole representatives, Blakes (Norfolk Broads Holidays) Ltd., with offices at Temple Bar House in Fleet Street.

A preliminary application will bring you a fascinating (yes, really!) illustrated catalogue of over 200 pages in which are illustrated and described the vast range of craft available, together with all details of charges, conditions, auxiliary services and so forth. All you have to do is to choose your craft, pay a deposit, and turn up on the appointed day with little more than your tooth-brush and towel. Bedding, crockery, cutlery, pots and pans and all the other impedimenta of housekeeping will be awaiting you on your craft—and standards in these matters are all that can be desired. Don't run away with the idea that Broadland holidays are a kind of rough and ready bargee existence. There's a high degree of comfort and refinement, too. Snow-white linen, gleaming paintwork, heavenly spring berths, ample cupboard room, excellent toilet arrangements—points which even the most fastidious housewife will be more than satisfied with. You can even have an attendant on your craft if your budget allows.

Food, of course, is your pigeon, but there's not the slightest reason why a Broads holiday should entail excessive use of the tin-opener as may be imagined. There are shops and provision stores by the score within easy reach of the various waterways, and you can take it from me, and from countless thousands of "old hand" Broadlanders, that the proprietors of these stores have reduced catering for the holiday-maker to a fine art. It's one of their main sources of business and they've had close on half a century's experience.

Besides, there are farms in plenty, where much goodly fare may be tracked down! If you intend to obtain your rationed goods from one of the Broadland stores (you will be given all their addresses), you will need emergency ration cards which should be taken with you, together with your ration book for "points" coupons.

A common practice is to send a duplicate list of your requirements to the store of your choice, asking them to set aside what they *can* supply and advise you of anything they cannot. Most of these stores will pass on your order for things not stocked (e.g. meat, fresh milk, etc.) and inform you of the dealer's address. The chief thing is to be quite definite on matters of dates, name of craft and its owner's address.

WHAT of the craft themselves? You have the choice of a wide range of powered craft from two to eight berths, and sail craft from two to six berths. In addition, a number of houseboats can be hired, sleeping up to six persons, and moored in very pleasant surroundings.

The majority of motor cruisers and sail craft have electric lighting and gas cooking arrangements. There are wash-basins and sinks, and you can hire a radio set from the boat yard if you wish. The larger cruisers even boast of h. & c. and a bath!

"What about costs?" you ask. There are three main scales of charges covering the holiday season. (A) is the cheapest (up to May 24 and after September 6); (B) refers to any week between the week commencing May 24 and week ending July 12, also the week September 6 to 13; (C) is the "peak" period, July 12 to September 6, when charges, of course, are highest.

The following examples (based on (B) period charges) are taken at random from the current catalogue. They include a two- and four-berth sail craft and a two- and four-berth powered boat.

Two-Berth Sail

A smart handy craft (22 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in. beam) with spring berths, electric lighting, double burner gas cooker, toilet and wash-basin in separate compartment, capable of accommodating a third person on a floor mattress. Per week £13 10s.

Four-Berth Sail

Fast sailing modern yacht 25 ft. 6 in. by 8 ft. 3 in. Gas cooking in special cooking locker, electric lighting and four spring berths in two cabins. Plenty of elbow room, cupboards and lockers. Flushing W.C. Dinghy provided. £21 10s.

Two-Berth Cruiser

Self-starting marine engine, special gas cooking cabinet, electric lighting, spring berths, forward toilet and flushing W.C. Ideal for two only and simplicity itself to handle. Per week £15 10s.

Four-Berth Cruiser

Powered by 5/12 "Vedette" engine with self-starter. Four Vi-spring berths, three separate cabins. Fore-cabin fitted with dressing-table, wardrobe and cupboards. Saloon with sideboards. Aft-cabin with dressing-table and drawers. Opening port-lights, extractor ventilator and folding canopy over central cockpit. Ideal for mixed parties. Dinghy provided. Per week £28.

The larger the party, the lower the costs per head, of course.

If you are a car owner, excellent garage accommodation is provided. Incidentally, many of the yards are equipped to give your car a thorough overhaul during the week or fortnight you are afloat. A large number of motorists, I understand, take advantage of this service.

On arrival you will be given a few hints and tips and possibly a trial run. Then you take possession, cast off, and an enchanting holiday will have begun. When it's all over you will probably do like hundreds of others—book up a craft for next year almost as soon as you get home!

END

Five Men And Charlotte

(*Continued from page* 31)

the whole world and for all time.... His portrait and that of his anxious and watchful mamma, are drawn with Charlotte's rare and most sunlit tenderness in John Bretton and Mrs. Bretton of *Villette*. He was eight years younger than Charlotte. He was the centre of a maelstrom of social life. He was well-to-do. She was, by now, so spent by suffering, and so morbidly convinced that she could never be well and strong enough to share such a life, that she never allowed the affair to come to anything....

To Ellen, her second self, her one confidante always, Charlotte wrote:

"... Were there no vast barrier of fortune etc., there is perhaps enough of personal regard to make things possible which are now impossible ... but other reasons regulate matrimony, reasons of convenience, of connections, or money. Meanwhile I am content to have him a friend and pray God to continue to me the common sense to look on one so young, so rising, so hopeful, in no other light."

If only he had overborne her scruples and her nervous maladies, as robust Robert Browning overbore his Elizabeth's! And carried her off to a fullness of life and a newness of health and energy and happiness, beyond her dreams.... If Charlotte had married George Smith, who loved her, pleased her and could enter into her work as perhaps no other man could have done: how different her story might have been?

It does not bear thinking of....

Yet another man connected with her publishers, wooed Charlotte. And an odd wooing it was... Mr. Taylor, one of the firm's readers, a stiff, unprepossessing little man, loved her with the intense, tragicomic devotion which is sometimes the lot of such men. Charlotte refused his proposal: but for eighteen months he persisted, by the medium of sending her, regularly, a weekly newspaper and an occasional long letter. He came to Haworth before departing for the firm's Indian branch in Bombay. And Charlotte admitted to Ellen:

"His absence and the exclusion of his idea from my mind leave me certainly with less support and in deeper solitude than before ... I shall not soon forget last Friday, and never, I think, the evening and night succeeding."

She couldn't love him. Poor Mr. Taylor appears to have been one of those men at whom you glance in bus or tube or queue and wonder how anyone could marry them.... He was ugly; he had a most repellent manner; of his mind, Charlotte said: "though clever, he is second-rate—thoroughly second-rate.... I could not, could not look up to him."

But she missed him badly. She dwelt on his "poking nose," and his "little newspaper," etc., because, in spite of herself, Mr. Taylor nearly won her.... And when she remembered "last Friday," etc., it was with heart-wrung pity for him and for herself. His dogged love, which could not even find gracious means to recommend itself; his stern strength of will; his intelligence and his participation in her own life-work; Charlotte had to fight against all these, to send him away.

And so, we come to the last man who loved her. Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's curate. And to be for so short a space in time, her husband.

An academic professor said to me recently, "I have never understood why Charlotte Brontë made that marriage"; speaking with musing regret as though he spoke of a friend or even a pupil. So lasting is the indefinable spell which the Brontës lay upon you.

Arthur Nicholls had been at Haworth for seven years. And for five of them he had watched Charlotte living in appalling solitude and sinking in bodily health and in anguish of depression and grief. Whenever she sallied forth into the outside world she was prostrated by migraine and feverish excitement. And came home to a living tomb, haunted by memories. He told Charlotte what she meant to him, at long last, quite hopeless of any return. And he was so profoundly, so completely in love with her, that she was amazed to see how moved and shaken he was. Papa was furious. The village was outraged. (The people of Haworth were proud of their Charlotte....) Arthur was banished. But Charlotte had had a glimpse of a rift of light in the darkness which was smothering her to death....

Arthur Nicholls was an upright, narrow-minded, warm-hearted man; and incidentally very fine-looking. Except poor Mr. Taylor, all the men who wished to marry plain little Charlotte were decidedly good-looking, which is worth noting. Charlotte yielded to his love as her one salvation from a loneliness and heartache which were crushing out her life. And Arthur took up his married life at the parsonage. Charlotte died, with her unborn child, within a year. And throughout that year, Arthur's tender care and devotion, his sick-nursing of her, filled her with gratitude. She could not say enough about his goodness to her.

But there was another side to the picture. Arthur Nicholls had no eyes for Charlotte's gift; none whatever. He deplored her writing, he regretted her fame, he told her that a clergyman's wife had no time for such matters.... He was growing jealous of sweet, faithful Ellen and tried to control their correspondence.

What, one asks oneself, would have happened if Charlotte Brontë, the writer of genius, had gradually reasserted herself over Charlotte Nicholls, the lady of the parsonage...?

And, of course, there is no answer.

Better, perhaps, to dwell only on a simple, limited man's devotion to a being totally beyond his understanding. On his years of patient ministering to her crabbed old father after her death. And—even after his own second marriage, many years later—his saying that his heart was for ever in Charlotte's grave.

END

Success Story

(*Continued from page* 12)

but who could possibly object? Certainly not the mothers who formed so large a proportion of the waiting line, for they knew that their own children would be served by Alice in exactly the same way.

Mothers would smile fondly at the occupants of their accompanying prams, thinking, perhaps, of the time when *their* babies would be coming along to Alice for the vegetables. It was nice to think that Alice could be trusted with children.

The pony and cart had gone long since. First they were replaced by a little motor-van; then by a large lorry. A scarlet-lettered card on the wall of the shop proclaimed that removals were undertaken. Another bold card offered to deliver loads of logs. Certainly all was well with Alice. Even if her appearance in court became more frequent, the local magistrates knew her by now, and were correspondingly indulgent.

NOBODY expected Mrs. Lee to do as well as Alice, although it was difficult to analyse the reasons for her comparative failure. Of course, there was the fact that she took things so much more seriously and heavily. And it might have been the one-sidedness of her political interests. Now, in the inconceivable event of Alice's embarking on politics, you might be sure that she would have balanced her appearance at one party's meeting with an equally cheerful attendance at a meeting organized by the other party.

But Mrs. Lee, less prudently or more honestly, whichever way you looked at it, was to be seen regularly at the meetings of one party only, and when their annual fête came around she actually presented a basket of fruit to be raffled by them.

It may be that as a consequence customers whose opinions didn't coincide with Mrs. Lee's wouldn't buy their vegetables from her, for we are a politically conscious neighbourhood, and pride ourselves on it. No doubt, too, some of those who fell away added themselves to the length of Alice's queues, irrespective of her political opinions. Suburban quasi-politicians are frequently heated, but seldom logical.

Afterwards, nobody could be sure when the quiet little man started to hang around Alice's shop. He was so unobtrusive, anyway, that he wouldn't have been noticed in the regular week-end crowds, and it was only at week-ends that he turned up. He didn't *do* anything—just stood around watching while Alice went on serving on her side, and the girl went on serving on hers. Then, quite gradually, there grew the feeling of change. Nothing specific—nothing one could talk about; just an uncomfortable sense that all was not as usual. Then, when the little man began coming during the week as well, some of the shoppers noticed him at last, and went home wondering what it was all about. Knowing in a way what it meant, although they wouldn't let themselves believe it. It wasn't possible to think of the shop without Alice serving in it. The shop *was* Alice.

All the same, when one Saturday Alice wasn't there, the newly lettered notice was hardly necessary to tell us all that the shop was under new proprietorship. The little man was pleasant enough; the fruit and vegetables were in their usual attractive piles, and moreover he gave full weight and made no mistake with the reckonings. The young man in the white coat who served in the girl's place was efficient and quick too. But we missed Alice—the spirit of the place was different.

LOOKING back, it seemed the drift back to the right side of the road started the very first week-end after Alice went. Perhaps "drift" isn't the right word, for it was faster than that. No point in crossing the road just for one shop, the women said—or thought. Or perhaps they didn't think about it at all; Alice wasn't there any longer, and so they didn't cross the road.

Daily the queues grew smaller; the quiet little man grew even quieter, and in a matter of weeks the shop began to wear the dejected air of failure proper to being on the wrong side of the road. Especially with such perishable stuff as fruit and vegetables, failure shows very soon in wilted greenstuff, wrinkled apples, tomatoes that can be used only for frying or stewing. Not much point in going to *him*, said the shoppers. Now when Alice was there, the shop never looked like that, they said to each other nostalgically.

Mrs. Lee's shop looked as if it was going downhill, too, even though it *was* on the right side of the road. Very few of the shoppers thought of returning to her, after Alice had gone. They went instead to the usual shops—the multiple shops with the smart assistants in their green or white coats, and the fresh deliveries daily in large vans. The prices all plainly marked, so that you knew what you were paying. It was dull—shopping became just shopping, without the lively glance and the twisted phrase, but you knew where you were with the multiple shops.

ALL the same, we missed Alice. Sometimes, while we waited to be served by the smart assistants we (*Continued on page* 72)

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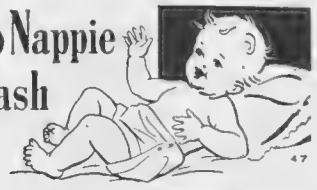

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would talk about her, and wonder what she was doing. Rumours got around; some said she was ill, and in a hospital somewhere, but nobody knew where. There were even more sensational stories, with hints of black market dealing, which had forced her to give up shopkeeping and disappear for the time being. Finally the truth, which was simply that the quiet little man had offered her a very large sum of money for her obviously flourishing business.

"Pity," said the housewives, with a compassionate glance across the road at the dwindling shop. "He might have known it wouldn't do any good without Alice. He paid her *thousands* for it, didn't he?"

Just after Mrs. Lee's shop closed down, and she was already back at the corner where she first started, Alice began to be seen about again. The first rumour was that she had been seen talking to Mrs. Lee, and the old curiosity revived.

"It seemed odd," we said to each other. "Nobody ever saw them talking together in the old days. Perhaps they *are* sisters—they look it, don't they? And maybe, now that Mrs. Lee is down on her luck. . . ."

Sentimental, of course; but pleasantly true, we thought, when we began to see Alice about quite often. Not serving at any stall, or shop either. Oh no! This was a different Alice—a queen; well, at least a duchess, with her too smartly dressed consort at her side, descending daintily from her car to order her fruit and vegetables from Mrs. Lee, and then taking a drive through her domains. It was hard to believe that it *was* Alice when she was first seen in the opulent car, what with her furs, the flash of real diamonds, and the general atmosphere of wealth. But as the days passed and she came driving along the main street again and again, with a familiar smile to those who recognized her, we realized that it was the same old Alice, friendly as ever, even if she no longer served us. Or did she ever serve us?

The housewives are used to seeing her in her Vauxhall now. Some of them wave to her as she passes; she always waves back.

"No side about our Alice!" they say proudly, when this happens. "There she goes, friendly as ever, for all her money. Done well for herself, hasn't she?"

Mrs. Lee? Her stall's doing rather better now that Alice does her shopping there. Some of the old regulars have come back. She makes a living, we suppose.

END

I Choose England

(*Continued from page 42*)

impractical. Of course, it's silly to make comparisons between Canada and England, since you have to heat your house during a Canadian winter, or freeze to death. Furnaces are the usual answer, although a surprisingly large number of people depend on stoves.

I must admit a preference for Canadian kitchens, since even the "old-fashioned" variety would probably possess a double sink and far more working and cupboard space than its English counterpart. But then, most Canadian houses are less than fifty years old, so naturally they are fairly modern in design. Also, the majority were built to function for women who do their own housework, as opposed to England where, in many houses, "the servants' quarters" are tucked away in the most inaccessible fashion.

In general the American housewife does enjoy a good many modern conveniences, although there *is* a danger she will become too dependent on her gadgets. If the mechanism breaks down, the household collapses! There was truth as well as humour in the American cartoon which showed a housewife surrounded by every imaginable device for cooking and cleaning. And over her stove was her diploma as a graduate electrical engineer!

THIS brings me to one of the most significant overall differences between life here and in North America, the mania over there for getting things done quickly. Speed has almost become an end in itself. Whether you are looking for a house or a job or just trying to catch a streetcar, speed is essential. You never write if you can phone, you never queue if you can push.

England is very restful by comparison. So restful in fact that visitors from overseas often find it hard to adjust. After years of hurrying, it's hard to slow down. I have seen newly-arrived friends writhing in agony at the telephone—especially if they are making a business call. They are really appalled when people don't pounce on the phone the moment it rings!

Then there is the cup of tea. Its invasion of the sacred precincts of business is a constant source of wonder to the overseas visitor. On the North American continent, one's ambition is to do one's job with the impersonal efficiency of the machine. The more the human element (i.e. cups of tea) is removed, the better it is.

Since living here, I have begun to realize that time is not merely something one keeps one's eye on. It is also a space in which to make up your mind. And I have begun to appreciate the symbolic importance of the queue. It is a clear statement of the Englishman's philosophy. He is willing to wait his turn, and he also intends to make sure the other fellow gets his.

OF course many of these things are the inevitable differences to be found between an old country, rich in tradition, and a country still new and rather self-conscious. But I think it goes deeper than that. I feel the modern world is still a bit overwhelmed by the potential of the factory production line, and its ability to turn out an ever-increasing abundance of goods. The promise of this future surfeit of material possessions, tends to obscure the importance of more lasting (and less material) values.

Across the Atlantic, acquiring new things and "keeping up with the Joneses" is becoming a national pastime. A comparatively large number of people in North America own a car and a Frigidaire, but very few of these things are paid for. Along with one's house, one's furniture and clothes, they are probably being bought on hire purchase, on "time." In order to look a little more prosperous than you are, you must always spend a little more than you earn. This business of living beyond one's income and one's energies is hard on the constitution. Many people end up existing in a continuous condition of nervous apprehension. Everything worries them, from the state of the world to the choice of a new car.

Here in England, one has a chance to regain one's perspective, to remember that the world took a long time in growing, and is growing still! This does not mean I intend to extol the British genius for putting up with things! I am sure English people are as sick of that platitude as they are with the misery of two wars and the exigencies and alarums of the post-war world. But I do insist that the English way of life is a heartening and refreshing experience for newcomers. For me, at any rate, it has meant a happier adjustment to the present, and a warmer faith in the future than I thought possible in these trying times.

END

The Birth Of The Can-Can

(*Continued from page 16*)

typifies came to a climax in that decade, just as the wider setting of *la Belle Epoque*—the Fine Time—has become principally associated in our eyes with the closing years of the century because these marked not only the *fin de siècle* but the end of a whole way of living, an exuberant, abundant way.

All this has now become a far off period piece. It is difficult to believe that people seventy-five years old, and even less, participated therein. So we go to the records of the period, and to the books and memoirs since produced, to recreate an era in many respects as distant as the dodo. One could say with justice that no period ever slipped away more swiftly and decisively; nor is the explanation a complicated one.

Invention and war, war and invention, have fallen with giant strokes to divide us completely from a time when the art of enjoying life included "the embellishing of the superfluous and the accenting of the frivolous." Rare survivors tell you they witnessed "the last of the pursuit of elegance for its own sake." A bold, bad age of privilege, of course, yet it provided much employment that has since gone by the board. At the top of a vast domestic class were the private coachmen who called themselves by the lofty names of their employers. Thus it would be common to hear outside the Opéra cries of "Pull out of the way, Murat," or "Get back there, you old fool, Morny!" (Just imagine if similar liberties were taken with the names of nationalised board chairmen or trade-union leaders!)

IT was left to an Englishman, one Williams, to scale the heights of class. Williams was a coachman, too, for the *gratin* or "upper crust," and he kept a man exclusively and literally to sweat for him. He had found that human perspiration alone contained the correct oil to shine a silk hat better than all the Murats and Mornys could manage, and Williams's man had to run two miles each morning to produce the necessary grease.

Still speaking of coachmen, maybe we can best recapture the boulevards of that day by the tempo of the traffic. De Maupassant loved to sit and watch "the turning of wheels"—and the progression of phaetons and landaus, double-decked Imperial buses and three-horse Percherons, would be so moderate that "the whips seemed like fishing-rods." When first I saw Paris there were still hundreds of those fishing-rods left amid the angry motor life. A few survive for tourists, notably a woman *cocher* who engages on periodical publicity drives down to the Riviera.

The corresponding party on the pavement was the *flâneur* or stroller. The nearest approach in London was the Piccadilly Johnnie who strolled along certain streets of Mayfair at the same time each day—sole object, the stroll. Yet there was something else about the *flâneur* of the boulevards, a kind of drifting, a sampling of his city's delights, as he saw them, and, above all, no clock. Timelessness was the essence of the verb "*flâner*" which, (*Continued on page 74*)

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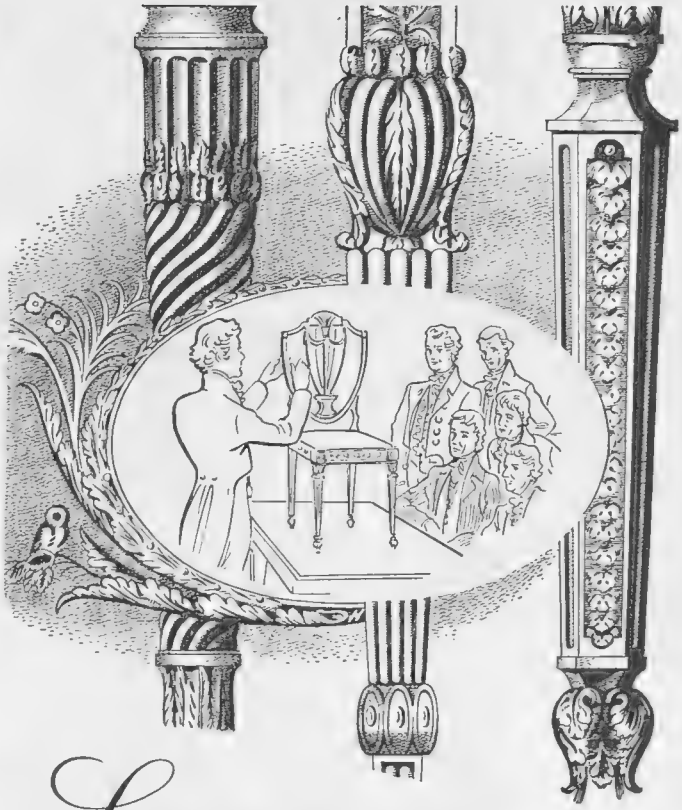

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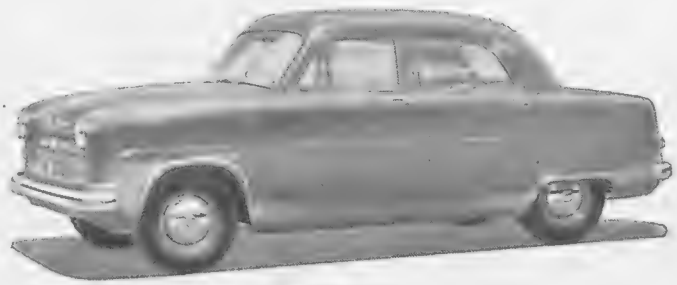

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I see, the dictionary gives as "to lounge," and it isn't that either.

The thing couldn't be done without the café; the café spelt ease of life; and this was its heyday. Cafés were like so many clubs along the way, literary, sporting, stage, political. They still exist, but in quick time, by comparison with *la Belle Epoque*. And gone are the vivid flare-ups which would lead to comical duels in the Bois at dawn. The dramatic critics were great ones for flare-ups. Clemençeau was still fighting duels in the nineties—it was the time of the Panama Scandal and of Dreyfus—but he usually meant business.

The romantic influence of Offenbach and de Musset still hung in the air. Exquisites took hours each day, arranging their apparel. Robert de Montesquieu also draped his rooms to suit his moods, sipped certain liqueurs with certain poetry, and sprayed certain perfumes for certain books. Tragically, at the end, Proust was a little in the same line. But that was only yesterday—to be exact, at the Ritz in 1924.

Another character for whom the boulevards waited was Count Boni de Castellance who was the last private personage to be drawn behind postilions in white wigs, green livery, and raspberry trousers. His carriage did not, however, arouse quite the same sentiments as Réjane's. Paris adored Réjane behind her peerless white mules, and part of the thrill came from the well-known trouble with Sarah Bernhardt who never could acclimatize herself to her sister-actress's superior chic. If it was a woman's era, these two queened it in one sphere.

IT must have been a trying time for women, really, because they had to pile on so much clothing *and* appear tantalizingly suggestive. Corsets always held them, if their men could not, and what corsets they were! "Bastions," they were called. The record bastion, worn by one Germaine Gallois, went from her armpits to below her knees. Bastions were always being found about the place.

A second very notable type of woman was the Proustian dowager who presided over the strictest of salons and laid down the law among the *gratin*. If you didn't leave your card on her in January—that must be the month and sometimes men would leave a score in an afternoon—if you didn't conform to her direction of the conversation, you could consider yourself out.

And then there were the *grandes amoureuses*, the last of the great courtesans bowling by in their eight-spring luxury models. They have perhaps been written about more than any others, since they directed the big spending. From shopgirls and waitresses, they adopted glamorous styles. They had to lead discreet private lives in order not to lose their ducal or industrial protectors, and their public appearances were always made in exactly the same places at exactly the same time of day or night—preferably night.

Some of them got their emotional lives badly mixed up and either attempted or committed suicide. Of one celebrated *cocotte* who tried veronal and survived, it was said that the thorough malaise provoked had the effect of clearing her complexion so as to bestow upon her an entirely new beauty.

When invited to an important occasion another *grande amoureuse* used to add to an already considerable forestructure by fixing on a diamond corselet. The corselet would be kept at the bank between sessions, to be fetched by trusty messengers. *L'amour! l'amour!* If any of you ever sat at Paillards, Maxims or the Café de Paris, you sat at the same seats they did.

OF this Paris of the nineties, what remains? The Can-Can!

Not much else. You will still come across bawdy, picaresque characters, half criminal, half tramp, such as Toulouse-Lautrec delighted to paint, though they are now found rather in the Notre Dame quarter, than in the purlieus of Montmartre. Speed has blown away most of the rest, fifty years from one gear into another.

All the more reason to honour the centenary of the Can-Can which is kicking as high now as it ever did; as it has not ceased to kick since "La Goulou" touched ceiling in the eighties, and "Golden Stripe" killed herself doing the splits in the seventies. This "fastest and most furious routine in the world" has the same hold that it has always had over Parisians and foreigners alike, and its temple is still the same Bal Tabarin, where shows last two years, and are not even extensively advertised.

To fall in with the vogue of American floor-shows, the spectacle and variety sides have been much developed. Stage sets appear and disappear; real fountains play; there are sumptuous lighting effects. But the Can-Can remains the *clou* of the evening, that "whirlwind of high kicks, splits, long black stockings, rosebud garters, rainbow petticoats, and lace panties" to the rising excitement of Offenbach's score.

Straight back from the nineties and long before, come the prodigious gaiety of underclothes, the corkscrew capers, the "present arms!" (leg straight up like a musket), the "Cathedral" and the flying splits which can leave bruises in tender parts, due to the heel of the shoe catching in the draperies.

Yet one thing has changed about the Can-Can, all the same. Its exponents. They are now fashioned to last several years—maybe as long as ten years. Any supple and lithe girl with long legs and a sense of rhythm can learn the Can-Can in a week of applied training. But can she keep it? Only if she obeys orders.

In bygone days Can-Can girls came and went with a gay abandon. They came, kicked and conquered. Their lives were a short

The Birth Of The Can-Can

affirmative. If anyone wanted to hang around them and take them out, they did. The Tabarin was a sort of tabernacle of the dance, through which an endless procession of young women constantly moved hard upon one another's heels. The famous dance was too often but a means to an outside end.

TO-DAY'S twenty-two exponents could rightly be called the Can-Can't Girls. They can do some things and they can't—or mayn't—do others. Marcel and Dorothy Bergé, who run the troupe, are careful to point out that there's no interference with the private lives of the girls, only that anything bearing directly on their dancing lives is subject to check and regulations. Mme Berger, a former Chicago girl, used to dance in the troupe, and that helps. What she has on hand are really so many prize gymnasts who radiate sex appeal, and she aims to keep them so.

They come to her as early as sixteen and with luck will go on until twenty-six or twenty-eight. Marriage need not interrupt their careers. In fact eight of the present twenty-two are married and have children.

Girls need to be 5 ft. 5 or 6 in. in height and to weigh from 8 to 9 stone. If the latter sounds excessive for dancing girls, this brand requires to have bigger hips and thighs than usual.

Can-Can girls are carefully fed and trained so as to have an abnormal endurance. They must eat four good meals a day, and do. No spare time slimming; nothing like that; that's in the "can't" category. They must also strictly abide by the medical directives under social security. They get paid from 25s. to 45s. a day, according to artistry and seniority, and in addition are amply shielded by unemployment laws. They work for four hours in the twenty-four—from 9.15 p.m. to 1.15 a.m.—and taxis home are provided free.

Most of the unmarried girls share rooms in family hotels or live with their parents. They may join after-the-show floor parties only if their parents are present. Yet parental presence is not encouraged.

Parents are not allowed at the stage door or in the Bal unless they have paid for their tickets (no light matter). So this is equivalent to sending the unmarrieds home most times without that floor-party.

As for the marrieds, "they like getting home early."

So we note how something of the "young ladies' academy" does creep in, and this is accentuated by a "No Visitors in the Dressing-rooms" notice. Report tells that only Danny Kaye has been given the run of the house on the score of artistic genius. *Autre temps, autre Lautrec.*

END

Lovely Ladies And Handsome Men

(*Continued from page 29*)

Theatre and had scored a smash hit overnight?

For Edna May had been "The Belle of New York," and she was indeed the subject of all the town talk the following morning and for many years afterwards. She commanded London to "follow on"—and it did. She remained with us, she became one of us, and quite recently she died here and nobody remembered she was American. She had a quiet, restful beauty, with all the wistfulness of a summer's evening, eyes which were dreaming and looked into the future—and she had a smile like the sun bursting through a cloud and vivacity like a spring breeze. She was everyone's favourite and she was one of the most charming, gracious ladies that ever adorned our stage.

Those two in the cast were enough—but there were others. There was Violet Cameron, mature then but still tall and lovely, who had been a Queen of Opéra Bouffe and a toast of the town and who played, in *The Schoolgirl*, the Mother Superior of the convent school where such amazing things happened. She had a song which she sang in a rich and lovely voice. Such women as she are not seen to-day, on or off the stage. But one is bound to admit that there was little of the Mother Superior about Violet Cameron's life off the stage. She lived richly in a time of riches, which made it all the more alluring.

There was Marianne Caldwell, who excelled in French parts, there were handsome women like Norma Whalley, Maude Percival, Minnie Baker, Clarita Vidal, and Lulu Valli. There were handsome men like Talleur Andrews, Charles Hampden, Murri Moncrieffe and J. Edward Fraser.

And there was a rich, ripe comedian in James Blakeley, who played "Tubby Bedford." To see Blakeley was to smile and when he smiled, surely the most expansive smile the stage ever knew—you were bound to laugh. He had a song in that play in which he advised the girls to look for a needle in a haystack. They were to do so assiduously, he said, and if successful, they were to tell their auntie immediately.

It all arose because a girl had read the works of Marie Corelli (does anyone read that tremendous best-seller now?) and had vowed she would never wed a man who had kissed a girl before. Her aunt told her that this was just as impossible as finding a needle in a haystack, but that if the girl was successful, she would be glad to hear of it. The girl was not. Auntie went for a country walk herself. She got hot and tired—she sat down to rest on a haystack and—

Auntie found a needle in a haystack
Although her chance of finding one was small
But I'm inclined to think it was a case of
The needle finding Auntie after all.

So sang Jimmy Blakeley and the Edwardians enjoyed it. We were simpler—and maybe happier—then. (*Continued on page 76*)

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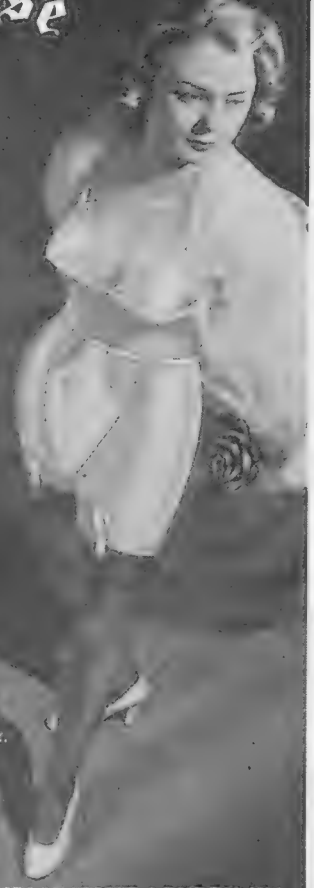

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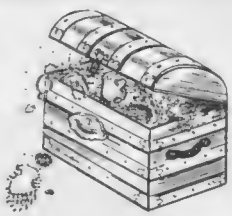

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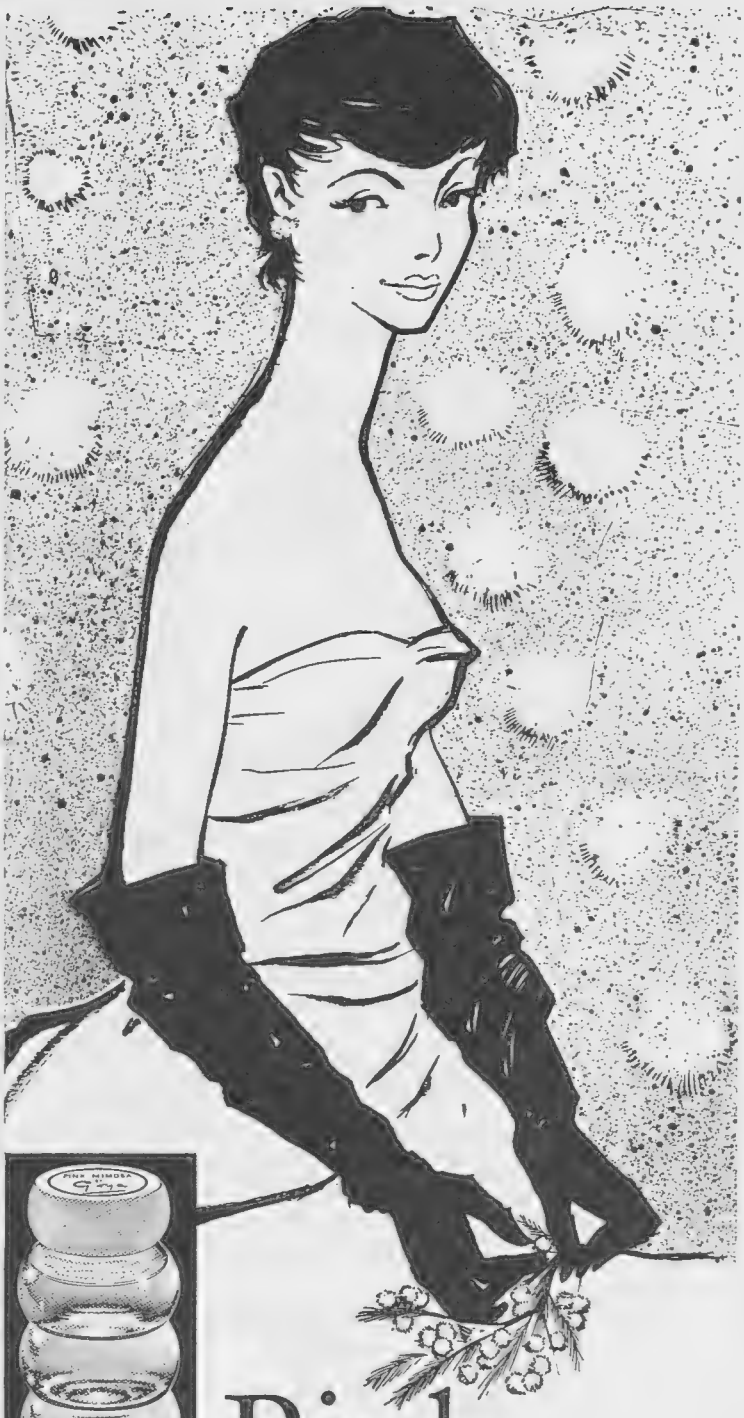

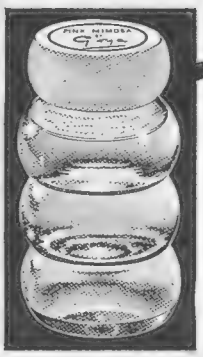

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James Blakeley had a link with the Prince of Wales', for his brother, Willie, was in charge of the box office. Willie should have been a comedian, too. He was a delightful man but irascible. His great hate was the telephone. The number was Gerrard 7483. It was just coming into really general use. Always, when he was battling with an awkward customer at the window—and theatre customers can be very awkward and trying to box office men—the telephone would ring. Willie would seize the noisy instrument and hurl it from him.

He broke more telephones than anyone in the world. Yet he was a fine salesman and a dear, lovable character—when not near the offending phone.

"The Schoolgirl," being musical comedy, the two leading ladies ran away from school and were next seen in the unlikely surroundings of the Paris Stock Exchange. There they had many adventures and there they met many people. Amongst others, they formed an acquaintance with "Sir Ormesby St. Leger"—an English gentleman of the period, who was the acme of good form although little endowed with brains.

He was perfectly dressed, but his face was vacant. His manners shone like his silk hat. When some charming young ladies asked him the way up the stairs—well, well, being a gentleman, he showed them. Who would not, in those days when Ladies Came First? His name on the programme was G. P. Huntley, the finest exponent of the man-about-town of his period the stage ever saw and he was making an early success in this play. He will be met with again.

There was another young man in that cast playing the part of an elderly gentleman and a general to boot. He was almost new to the West End. But he made a big success. His odd voice, his jerky manner, his staccato utterances, his choice method of taking the audience into his confidence marked him down for stardom—and his name was George Graves. But that was not all. There were two young girls in the cast who were almost beginners and not yet near the front rank.

But on the first night of *The Schoolgirl* one of them achieved it. She was the most delicious piece of girlhood imaginable. She had real curves, a face which was piquantly alluring, wonderful eyes and an auburn head which served as a beacon to the young men. She had played a part or two and George Edwardes believed in her. So did Leslie Stuart, that composer of genius who was responsible for the music.

He wrote a special song for this player of a small part. He kept it quiet and he kept her quiet about it. Then, at a late rehearsal, he slipped it in. There were black looks and protests from the two leading ladies but they soon got over it and bore no malice—neither Marie Studholme nor Edna May were capable of hard feelings towards anyone else, and on the first night of that show, this dainty, attractive piece of red-headed femininity sang that song—and stopped the show. The song was called "My Little Canoe" and the girl sang it in a spotlight on a darkened stage with the chorus behind her. Before long, the audience was singing it, too:

Mamie I've a little canoe
Room for me, my Mamie and You
I'll paddle along and rock you in my cradle
(*My little canoe*)
Mamie, if you've nothing to do
When I've told my troubles to you
Then, Mamie, we might canoodle, we two
(*In my little canoe*).

Leslie Stuart gave it one of his most hauntingly sweet melodies and that girl wrung every ounce out of it. Her name was Billie Burke—and she is just as sweet, gracious and attractive to-day as she was then.

And in the girls behind her, with a dance in pink pyjamas (very daring then) and later, when the action shifted again amazingly to a studio in the artists' quarter of Paris, there in frilly short skirts and a bonnet, was a slight slip of a girl as lithe as a willow wand, with a perfect face and pale gold hair, who moved with the very poetry of motion and who was perhaps the most graceful thing ever seen by the eyes of man. She was quite incapable of any awkward movement, everything she did was perfection of motion. She was like a leaf falling in the wind and one felt that if she had fallen headlong downstairs she would have ended up in a position of perfect grace at the foot of them.

Perhaps the nearest thing seen to her was that dainty "Pigtails" in *Oklahoma!*, Margaret Auld Nelson.

But this girl in *The Schoolgirl* was Pauline Chase, destined to be such a lovely "Peter Pan." No wonder that play at the Prince of Wales' decked the Edwardian nights with gladness.

A BIT later, Curzon did a play on his own. The music was composed by a young man who lived in a flat which faced that mysterious alley of the stage door and his name was Paul Rubens. He was a remarkable man, for he wrote the libretto as well as the score. He called the music "Jingles and Tunes" but they jingled like gold and the notes of the music were a silver cascade. In this particular play what he called "The Chatter" was supplied by him and a very clever man named Austen Hurgon, destined later to be a King of Revue and a master producer.

Together the two concocted a Dutch story and it was *Miss Hook of Holland*. Who will forget it, who had the pleasure of seeing it? It ran for 462 performances right through the year of 1907.

It enchanted everyone. The leading lady was Isabel Jay, tall, handsome, with the voice of an operatic prima donna and the charm of a musical comedy leading lady, which she was. She was also the wife of Frank Curzon, the manager and presenter.

Isabel Jay and her voice were enough to make the success of any show but there was much more in *Miss Hook of Holland*. There was that same G. P. Huntley playing, not a man about town, but an old Dutchman who had invented a precious liqueur called "Cream of the Skies," and giving a performance at once richly humorous and of definitely fine character acting.

There was George Barrett, who made a name for himself in this show by playing "Simon Slinks" a man who loafed by the side of the sleepy canal, about which Isabel Jay sang so beautifully. There was handsome Pope Stamper as a bandmaster in a bright uniform, no less handsome Herbert Clayton, later to be a big producer of musical shows himself and with Jack Waller, the importer of *No, No, Nanette* from America; Basil S. Foster, of the famous cricketing family, and many others.

There were some changes in the cast as time went on, and Morris Harvey, Gwendoline Brogden and Fred Allendale were in it. But there was also Gracie Leigh, the ideal comedienne, the perfect soubrette, to play "Mina."

She had a song which swept London: "A Little Pink Pettie for Peter" and she knew how to sing it and also how to perform the dance which followed. She was the wife of dashing Lionel Mackinder of the Gaiety, the first actor to be killed in the first World War. Over age though he was, he joined up and went into the hell of the trenches, singing the songs of the Gaiety as he went over the top. He died with one of them on his lips. . . .

Miss Hook of Holland with its pretty, quaint Dutch setting and costumes, its good story and first-class comedy (and its catchy music) was to everybody's taste. It had everything a musical comedy should have and it had real voices to sing those jingles and tunes of Paul A. Rubens—native voices, too, and not imported. Paul A. Rubens might have been alive yet if he had forsaken the thick atmosphere of the theatre for the purer open air. But he was a man of the theatre—and nothing would take him away from it. Only his far too early death did that. His memory and his melodies linger—and so many of them came from the Prince of Wales'.

THE year 1908 was a vintage one at the Prince of Wales'. Curzon produced a musical comedy called *The King of Cadonia*. It was written by a young playwright whose name was Frederick Lonsdale, with lyrics by Adrian Ross (really a professor whose name was Adrian Reed Ropes) and the music was by Sidney Jones.

In it were Huntley Wright, strayed across from Daly's, Roland Cunningham, tall, handsome and sonorous; Pope Stamper, Akerman May—a giant of a man and typical of the period, a kindly fellow whose fate was often to play villains—George Barrett, Gracie Leigh, Cameron Carr and, of course, Isabel Jay—a Princess this time for whom a husband had to be found (there was no lack of suitors).

It was almost a Prince of Wales' stock company, which was a wise move.

But there was someone else, who caused a tremendous impact on the hearts of the ladies of London—and on their provincial sisters who flocked to town when the news got round. This was a man of such masculinity, such handsomeness, such a presence and such a fine voice—and a good actor, too—that the female members of the audience almost swooned with delight when they saw him and returned again and again.

They found out, many of them, that if they stood in that passage of mystery, by the stage door, they could get a free glimpse of him as he went up and down stairs en route for the stage or his dressing-room. There was a band of the faithful there every night and gasps of joy went up as he passed that window and their eyes glimpsed their hero for a brief second or so.

This was a real leading man, and a real man, nothing floriferous or effeminate about him—but real fine masculinity. His name was (and is) Bertram Wallis and when he sang, as he did in the show, "There's a King in the Land To-day" there was a roar of approbation. His portrait was treasured and the ladies loved him one and all. He ran even the godlike Lewis Waller very close indeed.

AT the Prince of Wales', in 1904, had also been that musical play, *Sergeant Brue*, which had transferred from the Strand Theatre (the old Strand Theatre, where the Aldwych Tube Station now stands). It was there that Zena Dare had caught the eye of Seymour Hicks and from there she had been whipped off to the Vaudeville.

In this musical play—the book of which was by Owen Hall and the music, rather surprisingly, by Liza Lehmann and the lyrics by J. Hickory Wood—a constellation of talent—that very great comedian William Edouin played the lead. There are no such comedians to-day, who were also first-class actors and who had authority and command, who could sing and dance and hold their audience with pathos. Edouin could do all that. He was an amazing man.

In this he played the title rôle, a police sergeant who got involved in an imaginary burglary—invented for reasons of the plot—with delightful results.

Willie Edouin was as great a comedian as ever trod the stage. He was extremely versatile—older playgoers will remember with gratitude his "Hilarious" in *La Poupée* and his many fine performances in farce as well as musical plays. Farren Soutar, tall, handsome son of the great Nellie Farren was the juvenile lead in *Sergeant Brue*—and in the play he followed the not too romantic calling of a barber. But that could not hurt his charm and he soon dropped the scissors and became himself again.

He is still with us, distinguished as ever, and remembers that song which he sang in *Sergeant Brue* all about the daughters of Eve, who would go out walking without Papa's leave. Sparkling Madge Lessing was another principal, another lady who still graces London with her brightness.

And there was stately Millie Legarde, who was so graceful and charming and was not only an excellent comedienne but a very good actress into the bargain. It was not difficult to find leading ladies for musical plays in those days. Millie Legarde was one of the best.

But there was somebody else in *Sergeant Brue*, too—another very great comedian—whose name was (*Continued on page 78*

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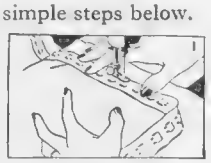

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Arthur Williams. He was another good actor and comedian. He had a great gift of characterization and his list of successes was almost everlasting. He could gag and improvise but he never stepped out of the picture. Even when, as "Lurcher" in the costume operetta *Dorothy*, he introduced some topical gags, they still seemed to belong to the period and did not jar. He could sing a song, he could dance and the characters he played came to life. He did not have to rely on sheer personality, he could create a comic character and still let his own ripe humour come through.

In *Sergeant Brue* he played "Crookie Scrubbs" a criminal—but a very lovable criminal. Nobody who saw it will ever forget his appearance at the "Crawlborough Street Police Court" as a witness in the imaginary burglary case. Wearing a short little morning coat, odd looking trousers and carrying a grubby white bowler hat, when his name was called he went straight into the Dock without hesitation. The witness box meant nothing to him. Habit guided him. It sounds simple but you had to see him do it.

Amongst the small parts in that play (there was was no chorus as such, for it was really a farce decked with music), there is the name of "Violet Lorraine." Shorn of one of the r's she became Violet Loraine, of never-to-be-forgotten memory and is still as lovely and happy to-day. The days of "The Gipsy Warned Me" and "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" were as far away in the times of *Sergeant Brue* as the thought of war itself. *Sergeant Brue* was a Curzon show.

IN Shaftesbury Avenue stands the Apollo Theatre—one of the consistent successful playhouses of London. That was another stamping ground of George Edwardes. There in 1902 he presented a gay musical comedy called *Three Little Maids*—which afterwards went to the Prince of Wales'.

The music was by Paul Rubens who also wrote the libretto and Howard Talbot also contributed some numbers. This show started on the golf links at "Market Mallory," then went to a teashop in Bond Street—a Dutch teashop which may have been the inspiration for *Miss Hook of Holland* later on. It ended back at Market Mallory.

It was presented by George Edwardes in conjunction with Charles Frohman and it was a very good show indeed. The Three Little Maids were Hilda Moody, Madge Crichton and Delia Mason, and three better contrasted and alluring little maids could not have been found.

Hilda Moody was handsome and red-haired, of arresting beauty and personality; Madge Crichton was petite, dark and full of gaiety with a ravishing smile; and Delia Mason quiet, a little wistful and restrained, but quite lovely to look at and to hear. The one and only Lottie Venne, as fine a comedy actress who ever appeared behind the footlights, contributed snap and laughs.

There were of course three men to match the three maids—which naturally the plot caused them to do, and here again was contrast. For those men were J. L. Mackay, Maurice Farkoa and our old friend G. P. Huntley. Mr. Mackay was really a "straight" actor who strayed into musical comedy—some time afterwards he was the keen, eagle-eyed detective "Curtis Bedford" in *Raffles*. But he took to the atmosphere of *Three Little Maids* like the true actor he was. The case of Maurice Farkoa was different.

Here was a man who fluttered the hearts of the ladies every time. Here was, to them, the quintessence of Gallic manhood, of the Parisian man-about-town—the ideal romantic lover of France. He was so French that it was marvellous; his manners were exquisite, he had the sort of looks which women adore—or adored then—he dressed in perfect taste but always slightly more flamboyantly than his English colleagues

With him it was "L'Amour, l'amour"—and when he sang about it, the ladies almost swooned. It was a tradition that Frenchmen were the perfect lovers—that they and they alone understood how to treat a woman—and he certainly conveyed all that on the stage, with his charming voice, full of sex, his caressing movements, his white forelock gleaming like snow against his raven curls.

This was the romance of France. The fact that he was Turkish by birth did not enter into it—for none of them knew that.

In this play he had what was thought to be a daring song—he specialized in them—the theme of which was that although he loved them in silk, satin and velvet or what you will, they were simply delightful in—anything at all. The point was the slightly confused pause before the word "anything" and the fact that it did not scan—obviously the word had been "nothing" but propriety was saved!

There were giggles and wriggles of delight amongst the ladies who flocked to the Apollo to hear him sing. He was a charming fellow in himself and had no conceit whatever.

G. P. Huntley was—G. P. Huntley. Whether in Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, tall collar and panama hat on the links—when he displaced a divot and apologized for "tearing the cloth"—and whether in the teashop in tall hat, very high straight-up collar, the whitest of stiff starched shirts, frock coat, rather tight trousers and patent boots—not shoes, boots—he was the English gentleman met in and around Pall Mall and Clubland, in the shires—and monocle in eye, looking rather vaguely at the soldiers whom he nominally commanded but put his trust in the sergeant major.

A gallant, simple-minded English gentleman, the mirror of good form. He was entranced and astounded at the dexterity in pouring out tea when he visited the teashop. "I say," he gurgled, "you do pour out tea splendidly. Right in the cup every time!" That was just the stuff to give the Edwardians—as Huntley did it—without burlesque, without fake, but perfectly naturally.

He is a type that has vanished and perhaps it is a pity—but he was about then, lots of him. Hilda Moody had a song in that play which made an impact. She sang it as it should be sung—she was a miller's daughter, it appeared—and she sat beside a mill—deep was the flow of the water—but—she was deeper still. And when Hilda Moody sang that song—you believed her. It was what would now be called a point song—and she sang it with all the point in the world.

TO the Apollo George Edwardes brought a light opera from France. We did little or nothing in the way of American importations then—there was *The Belle of New York* and one or two more—on the contrary we exported our musical shows to America. And with success. When we imported it was from Vienna or France. On this occasion it was from France and the play was *Véronique*—the daintiest, most delightful affair decked with the music of Messager. That handsome woman and lovely singer, Ruth Vincent, a real prima donna, was in the lead, supported by Laurence Rea—and afterwards by Hayden Coffin.

There was a wonderful cast, with lovely women like Kitty Gordon and Maudi Darrell, light comedians like Aubrey Fitzgerald, who in song besought the girls now that they had kissed the bride, to kiss the bridegroom, too—he being the bridegroom. There was also Rosina Brandram, Sybil Grey and Valli Valli. And the comedy was in the safest of safe hands—Fred Emney (a wonder) and George Graves, cementing his success. *Véronique* has passed into our musical repertoire—everyone knows the duet—"Dear Little Donkey" (which did not always display the good manners and taste which otherwise ruled the play, but donkeys were always perverse). *Véronique* was like a bed of daffodils. It enchanted the Edwardians, and it still enchants.

Next door to the Apollo, in Shaftesbury Avenue, London's street of greasepaint, is the Lyric Theatre—another successful playhouse. It was so in the days of the Edwardians and one of the biggest of the many big successes staged there, was a musical play called *Floradora*.

This was under the management of Tom B. Davis, a man of experience with dark hair and moustache, very pink cheeks and a charming speaking voice. *Floradora* was composed by the genius Leslie Stuart and contained some of the best music he ever wrote—which is saying something.

Of the many beautiful numbers, one stood out in memory and does so to-day—the octet "Tell Me Pretty Maiden." Originally designed as a duet, it was little Sydney Ellison, the producer, a pocket genius, who insisted on making it an octet. Stuart, a stubborn man, resisted. The battle was long and fierce.

Ellison, small, dapper, effeminate, but with a will of steel, was the victor. And he was proved right. Lovely Evie Greene, who could act as well as she could sing—and did both superlatively—was the leading lady on the sentimental side and that brilliant woman, that superb artist Ada Reeve led the lighter side.

Ada Reeve, alive to-day and capable of being as big a success as ever, was a diamond of the stage—she glittered, she dazzled, she had it all. Louis Bradfield, one of the great lovers of the stage—every woman fell for him—was in the show, so was the great Willie Edouin, scoring heavily as "Tweedlepunch." *Floradora* ran on and on and lives to-day. . . .

AND for the finale, back to the Apollo. There, for many seasons came a little group of what you might have taken for seaside pierrots and pierrettes, if you had judged by their costumes. But in reality they were the purveyors of one of the most brilliant shows that London ever saw.

They sat around in the first half, in their black and white pierrot costumes, their pomponed hats—and each of them, in their own line was a master or mistress of stage art. They could do it all. They needed no elaborate production—when at last they tried it, they failed. Their talent was in themselves, in simplicity—and in the guidance and inspiration of their genius of a leader, Harry Pelissier—for they were The Follies. There has been nothing to touch them before or since.

The Co-optimists were excellent but had not the genius of Pelissier to touch all they did with magic. This man was great in every sense. He was of massive proportions and his gifts matched his size. He could compose the loveliest music—his setting of "Awake" is a classic. He could write the gayest, most nonsensical songs—he was a wonderful comedian and he was the finest compére the world ever saw. His comments on things in general, and the show and audience in particular, were masterpieces. He had a divine gift of satire.

The Follies used to present potted versions of successful plays—and go right to the bone of the matter. They were all little gems. They were side-splitting pieces of genuine satire. The Follies burlesqued a music hall, a voice trial, a benefit. Everything was perfection. So were the individuals who made up this team—team work was predominant.

Muriel George with a voice of silver, still a leading actress to-day. Effie Cook, Ethel Allendale, Gwennie Mars (her burlesque of Harry Lauder was something to see, and in the gallery of the "Music Hall" whilst eating an apple she consumed a maggot)—Dan Everard, Douglas Maclaren, Morris Harvey and Lewis Sydney—the one mock serious note of contrast—that was Pelissier's team. Who will forget "The Country and the Town," "The Beverages Quartet," "Moon, Moon," "Echoes," "I Worship the Ground You Walk On," "Yus, I Don't Think"—Morris Harvey's imitations, and Lewis Sydney, with a cleft palate, reciting "Kissing Cup's Race."

Even their programme made you laugh. The map showing you how to get to the Apollo was also genius. They were all stars but never believed it. They were just a big family. And they were what is now called "The Top."

They lit those Edwardian nights with joy and gaiety—and after a visit to them whether one went home by brougham, hansom, horse bus, train and later by taxi or tube—one laughed in happy remembrance—and one still does to-day.

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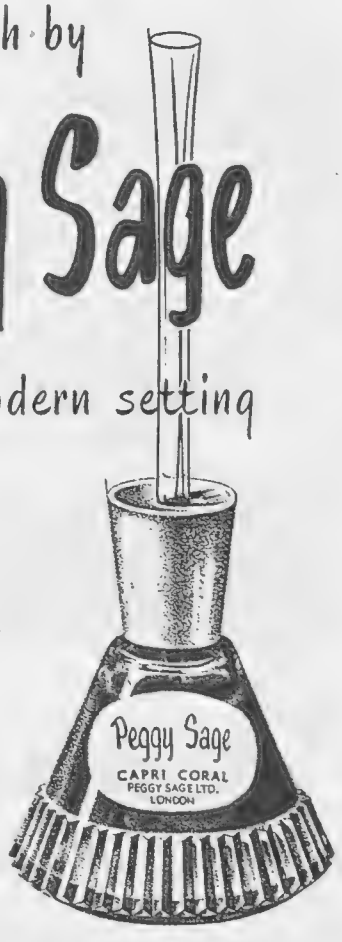

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FOR BREAKFAST—*FINE FOR SNACKS AND SUPPER TOO*

The Education Of An Heir-Apparent

(*Continued from page 21*)

Lords debate because "we are taking four of the children to the Circus."

Prince Charles is likely to be less fortunate in this respect than his parents and grandparents. Already duty has called his mother and father on extended tours abroad and at least one longer absence is planned for Australia. With the routine of service as Queen of England, Her Majesty will be away from the nursery far oftener than she might wish.

Between nursery and the next stage there is likely to be a male tutor. Edward VII as heir-apparent stood up against the rulings of his resolute mother to gain this for his two eldest children—and the Naval training that followed. The great Queen feared that the cadets of Dartmouth would be too rough for Royal sons. She was anxious too, lest they make friends with the wrong class. How incorrect and needless were her doubts is shown when King George V set his own two eldest sons along the same fine path to manhood.

A TUTOR, then, to teach the rudiments of knowledge : to show an intelligent boy how to learn, for this is far more important than telling him what to learn. A home in London makes it easy to find fun with facts just as the sons of Edward VII were taken to the galleries and museums, to the Tower and various monuments. See any small boy to-day rush to learn as he looks in the Science Museum, the Imperial Institute with half the world spread like toyland, and then on to the animals of the Natural History Museum.

But beside and beyond all this with reading, writing and arithmetic, a Prince has to be trained to stand for long sessions to take salutes. He has to cultivate a memory for people, their faces and achievements, where and when he met them before. His emotions must be schooled to withstand the long applause of a State drive and the endless cheers of a crowd. For the onlooker, the emotional height lasts no more than a moment : it may stretch out to an hour of assault on the nerves of the Royal visitor touring, perhaps, a town.

It is still education when a Prince learns how to meet people : to be at ease with statesmen and schoolmasters, miners and market gardeners, local councillors and governors-general. He must be able to take an intelligent part in all their conversations.

An heir-apparent occupies such a unique position. Very little of his life after school age can ever be his own. Always he is in the public sight. His least whim will set a fashion. His slightest word be made a permanent command. At a ceremony he may have to appear a stranger to his parents. In private he cannot even choose himself a wife.

To attain these perfections Edward VII, as a young Prince, after private tutors, went to take courses at Cambridge, Oxford and Edinburgh Universities. His sons went into a wider world as ordinary cadets to Dartmouth Naval College. So too did Edward and George, the sons of George V.

But as a boy our last Prince of Wales had many official duties his younger brothers did not share. After the first World War, when the Duke of York went to Cambridge with Prince Henry to take what we might now call a rehabilitation course, the Heir-Apparent was off, alone, on strenuous Royal tours to Canada, Australia, Africa, to France and America—a series of long treks of effort.

DOES a naval training of to-day offer a wide enough scope for the burdens of future kingship? A boy can certainly make friends. On the other hand he becomes a member of a band, semi-monastic and tending early into narrow channels of specialization. Modernity may swing the balance from the fashion of the sea, set so long ago. Where people gasped at Edward VII buying a car—it was normal travel for his son. They exclaimed at George V wanting to fly—yet for his sons it was everyday locomotion.

The Duke of Edinburgh is to take flying lessons in the near future. Who knows but what his own early training in ships may not be conquered by a newer enthusiasm for the air. He could give his son an Air Force training. As equally wide yet much more mobile than the Navy.

Of most immediate interest to young Prince Charles will be the new nursery he will share with his sister at Buckingham Palace. Not entirely new to him, although it will come freshly, for he was born there and spent the first few months of his life in what is now to be his home.

It is expected that rooms overlooking the Mall entrance will be adapted for the two children. From the windows the Prince will be able to look out upon the spectacle he already so much enjoys—the changing of the guard. Within, many of the furnishings will likely be items known to previous Princes. And personal treasures, growing in number, will come on from Clarence House together, no doubt, with the tables, beds and comfortable chairs the children know and like.

In the Palace corridors the Prince and his friends are just as likely to run races as Queen Mary's children did. And one of the most popular will be the hurdle or steeplechase course over a series of noble chairs and settees.

The cares of to-morrow are a long way ahead, although it is perhaps impossible in these days of Press and radio to conceal until he is twelve—as with Victoria—the fact of his important position. To-day, all of us old enough to read see in Prince Charles a pleasant baby boy. In eighteen years, when he is twenty-one, a vast generation of youngsters will be looking up to him as an older leader.

On his full education as heir-apparent will depend the future of this country and its people—and the domains and friends beyond the seas.

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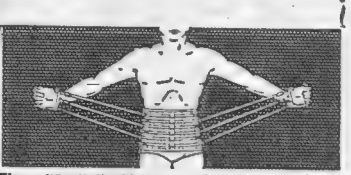

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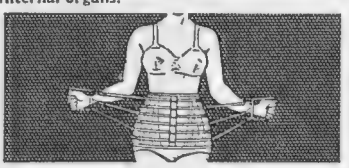

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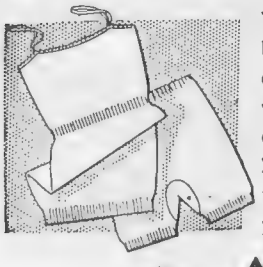

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A Fleet For The Vatican

(*Continued from page 13*)

different country, almost of a different world. The Vatican itself comprises some 7,000 apartments, chapels, halls, cloisters and chambers, spread among a hundred buildings; yet it is occupied by a hand-picked population of less than 1,000 persons.

Five museums house priceless art and other treasures, collected and donated from all over the world; the most cherished is a reputed piece of the True Cross, which is jealously guarded in a glass case. Another treasure is the six-foot, iron-tipped lance of St. Longinus. This, it is claimed, is the lance that pierced the Saviour's side as He hung from the Cross.

In the library are over a million books and manuscripts, some dating back to the first days of printing. There are galleries of paintings by every known artist.

Only on rare occasions, such as special festivals, are these private exhibits on view, and then only to privileged visitors. Still fewer can claim to have penetrated to the Pope's private gardens which are a wealth of floral beauty crowned by vines and orange trees among arching fountains and magnificent examples of the sculptor's art.

YOUNGEST among the nations, the Pontifical State boasts greater civic independence and more modern installations per head of population than any other power. Vatican City has its own cabinet, issues its own passports, currency and postage stamps; has its own law courts, schools, railway terminus, airfield, jail, and a powerful wireless station—it was erected under Marconi's personal supervision in 1931. No country can beat the toy kingdom's high record of a telephone apiece. Every Vatican family has a radio set, a refrigerator, and most of them a motor-car.

Although the Vatican can be reckoned the most peaceable of States, the privileged observer receives the impression that it is the most military. Its "army" numbers about two-thirds of the entire community. Countries which maintain the largest standing armies fall far behind in proportion, though Vatican forces are mainly composed of Swiss, pontifical and noble guards and papal gendarmes.

The Papal State, which for centuries has been the nerve-centre of far-flung millions, has from the beginning had its seat in Rome. Yet in the fourteenth century the Popes were actually exiled from Italy in retribution for Boniface VIII's anathematization of the reigning king. The Popes then took their station at Avignon, in France, where seven in succession reverted to a sort of Babylonian captivity until the eventual reinstatement in Rome of the Pontifical State, which now traces its spiritual authority back through 261 Popes to St. Peter.

EUGENIO PACELLI, the present holder of the office, is seventy-six this year. On his election by the College of Cardinals in 1939 he renamed himself Pius XII because, like the first chooser of this title. "Pius is a name of peace." And, like most of his latter-day predecessors, whatever their names, Pope Pius XII pursues a routine which goes with the calling. Briefly, it may be summed thus. Rise at six thirty. Mass in his private chapel at seven thirty, followed by a frugal breakfast. Office, eight thirty, and a conference with his cabinet. Interviews, then, with callers from all parts of the world, and papal audiences for pilgrims. A light afternoon meal is followed by further interviews and more work. The evening meal is also a light one in prelude to the habitual custom of early retirement.

An institution which is most readily linked with Popes is the Concordat. It means a pact made between the papal ruler and a sovereign or government to regularize matters, mainly of an ecclesiastical kind, with which both are, however, equally concerned. Some have been historical landmarks, like that between Pope Pius VII and Napoleon Bonaparte, which re-established the Roman hierarchy in France. Another was the Concordat made with Hitler in 1935, an agreement which was repeatedly broken by its German partner in much the same manner that he violated pacts in general.

A PERSONAL mark of respect frequently shown to a venerated superior is to kiss his hand. In the case of the Pope it is his toe. It was formerly customary to kiss the papal hand, but in the eighth century a woman demonstrated a more than respectful adulation by a friendly squeeze as well. The Pope, realizing that he might at any time have to submit to this ignominy, severed his hand, and was thus compelled in future to offer his foot, a practice that has since continued.

An Englishman was once elected Pope of Rome. He was, in fact, the only Englishman ever to sit on the papal throne, and there is a tablet to the memory of this Nicholas Breakspear Esquire, who became Pope Adrian IV in 1154, in the church at Abbots Langley, in Hertfordshire. Despite his elevation to this distant eminence, Breakspear remained a British patriot in the spirit of the time; it was he who granted Ireland to the English Crown.

Germans call the Papal Pontiff *der papst*; to French Papists he is *le pape*, to Danes *paven*. His Polish name is *papiez*; to Finns he is *paavi*. The Italians name him *il papa*, but in the Latin of the Roman Catholic Church he is, much more grandly, *Papa, Summus Pontifex, Pontifex Maximus, Servus Servorum Dei*. Naming apart, there has been no lack of zealous remembrancers to recall that, though long lines of monarchs have been overthrown and their kingdoms destroyed, the influential little island completely surrounded by Italy still, with its rulers, survives.

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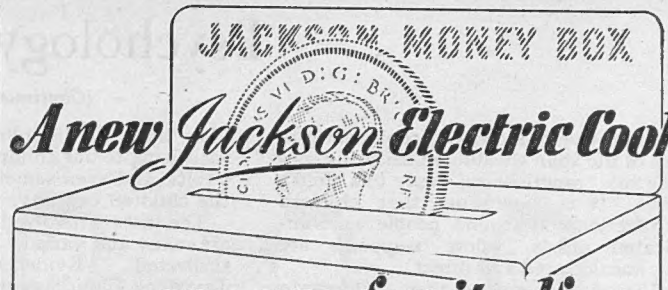

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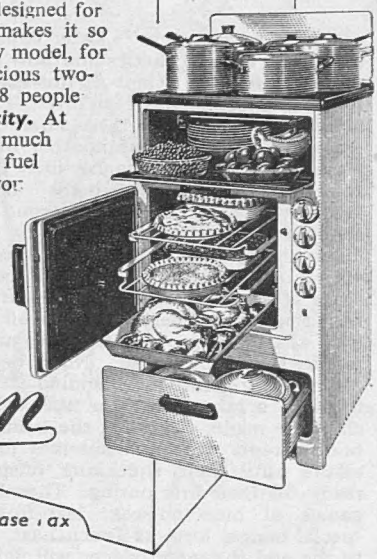

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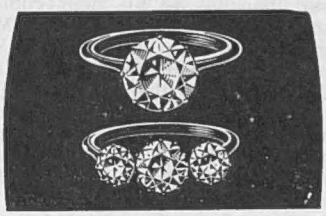

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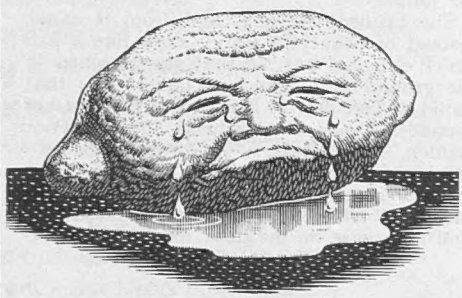

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Psychology Or Sense

(*Continued from page 54*)

homely narrative of a cockney cook nearer to the core of life than the diluted scientific way in which the "progressives" reply to a child's questions? It is significant that children hover affectionately round people with uncomplicated minds, whose responses are natural, uncalculated and direct.

The Victorians banished their children to the nursery where they ate rabbit and starchy rice pudding, while their parents feasted on turkey and peach melba. Have we gone to the other extreme by accepting too readily the idea that *all* discipline is wrong, and by sacrificing to our children *all* the bananas and titbits, and even sometimes smoking, so that the children can have their ice-creams?

The factors involved in child behaviourism are many and varied. Many are not even yet suspected. Evidence from the famous Tavistock Clinic asserted in one report that *some children recover in the face of apparently insuperable difficulties and some retain their symptoms for reasons which often remain obscure.* This gives some idea of the complexity of the subject. If the experts find themselves at a dead-end, how can the amateur hope to follow the tortuous "ins and outs" of the matter?

All around us are adults who, as children, had night fears, refused to eat, stole apples, and ill-treated animals. Yet here they are—how human, good-hearted and ordinary! It is a sobering thought that our own little "brats" and even our "wonders" stand a good chance of growing up into ordinary human beings.

END

Motherhood Of The Wild

(*Continued from page 27*)

getting the "feel of it." Later come lessons in fishing, defence tactics and how generally to enjoy life as an otter. At this stage one of Natures most endearing pictures of a happy family is presented by these small creatures.

Badgers, too, present another instructive picture of co-operative family life. The "set" is an affair of many "rooms" lined with greenery which the house-proud mother changes frequently, except during the long hibernating season. During this winter season it is common for two or three pairs to share a "set," but when babies are on the way the visiting neighbours go off on their own affairs to provide the accommodation required for nurseries. Now begins the elaborate preparation. Bedding is changed, hygienic arrangements for the well-trained child are made, and when the family arrives both parents devote themselves to nursery affairs until their squeaking offspring are ready for their first outing. Then begin the games of hide-and-seek, leap-frog and a special badger form of Touch Last. Faithful to the end the male badger will fight to the death for his mate, as the mother will die for the safety of her young.

FIERCE and remote from all things gentle as the lion may appear, its domestic habits are as creditable as any to be met with in the human family. The lion and lioness share the upbringing of their family, the mother's part being to feed and tend them while the father goes hunting for food and, when he has brought it, standing guard over the young brood before he attempts to satisfy his own hunger.

Equally domesticated, though built on a smaller scale, is the little sun-loving South African marmoset. In this case the male is a very model of fatherly and loving attention to his family and can often be seen sitting up and rocking the baby in his arms to give the mother a rest.

Yet another, even smaller paragon of domestic virtue is the Mooli Galago, or African bush baby, a tiny creature with outsize ears and a tail longer than its own length, who lives in trees. Young bush babies have to be carefully instructed in climbing, but like the otter who is reluctant to swim, the young bush baby is reluctant to climb. "Throwing him in at the deep end" consists in taking him and planting him firmly upon a branch *alone.* Panic-stricken the infant (little more than an inch or two long) scrambles to the ground again only to be whipped back again into the branch by his determined parents until clinging on to trees is second nature to him.

In some wild species, the elephant for instance, mothers and babies live with the herd but though the males provide essentia protection they are impartial in their conduct and are more concerned with the protection of the community as a whole than with individuals. The known sagacity of the elephant is well to the fore when there are young to be sheltered and cared for. The gigantic proportions of the beast make all thought of motherly tenderness seem irrelevant, but an elephant mother washing her baby at the river is an attractive thing to witness, the more so when assisted, as she often is, by her female bathing companions.

The wallaby, the kangaroo and the smaller pouched animals take more than their fair share of family responsibility. Most male members of the antelope and deer families seem indifferent to the claims of parenthood, but to counterbalance this there is at least one mother in Nature who refuses all responsibilities and leaves everything to father. This is the tiny sea horse, five inch inhabitant of the Bay of Biscay, who places her eggs in a pouch in her husband's front and calmly takes herself off! Unabashed, the father hatches out the brood of inch-high babies, but having done so he permits them immediately to float away upon the water to face the perils of a sea horse's life alone.

END

Cupid And Psyche

(*Continued from page 20*)

as Venus? Is not my beauty faded, pining for Cupid? Will it not make me more beautiful for him?"

She opened the box, and from it came, instead of beauty, a heavy sleep like a pall which drugged her, so that she swooned to the ground in a trance. Then it was that Cupid at last flew to her, full of pity for her penances, and of deathless love. "Poor maiden," he sighed. "Again has curiosity nearly brought you to ruin. But now it is enough. Hand in hand, we will go to the gods and ask their blessing on our true marriage. You may gaze on me now, for we belong to each other for ever!"

He released her from the pall of sleep by touching her hand with the point of one of his arrows, then flew away; and she rose and took the casket to Venus. What could Jove, father of the gods, do when Cupid, winging to him, said: "It is the fair soul of Psyche I love. Aid us, I entreat you, that this love be fulfilled!" Before a council of all the gods and goddesses Jove proclaimed: "She shall be made immortal that she may live with Cupid in eternal happiness, and Venus, too, shall bless the marriage."

So Psyche also was given silver and gold wings that she might fly with Cupid to Olympus, where a great wedding feast was held, with the loving pair in the seats of honour, Bacchus to fill their goblets with golden nectar, Apollo and the Muses to serenade them with nuptial song, Venus to dance for them, and the other gods and goddesses to drink to their immortal joy, in a hall decked with roses and all the ambrosial blooms of paradise. It was, for all time, the union of mortal and immortal love, of the earth and of the spirit, in blessed harmony between gods and men.

END

Tender Young Things

(*Continued from page 58*)

moderate oven until the pastry is golden.

George Washington Pie uses young vegetables in effective combination with sweet corn. Dice cooked carrots and turnips, leave peas raw, mix with a small tin of sweet corn—the sort which is labelled "cream style" is best—sprinkle with chopped parsley, grate a little cheese over this, season well with salt and pepper, and cover with creamy mashed potatoes. Grate a little more cheese on the top, and brown in the oven.

And finally, if you are lucky enough to have small young marrows at your greengrocers, try this Cretan way of cooking them. Choose very small ones, about six inches long. Do *not* peel them. Wash and dry them, then cut the tops off, scoop out the seeds, and stuff with minced cooked meat moistened with gravy, or with sausage meat. Replace the tops, skewering them on with matchsticks. Melt a little fat in a frying pan, put the whole marrows into the melted fat and turn over a gentle heat until the skin of the marrow is slightly browned and rather wrinkled.

Prepare an oven dish by greasing well, slice an onion thinly and line the dish with it. Now you can, if you like, sprinkle one tablespoonful of uncooked rice on to the onion, then place the marrows gently on to their prepared bed, cover with stock, or a cupful of weak Marmite. Put the lid on, and cook in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. I could paper my kitchen with unsolicited testimonials to this one!

END

1.5.52

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